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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE TROUT DISPLAY AT FULTON MARKET.—DRAWN BY DANIEL BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

The Easter Number, published April 11, has for its front page an illustration by ALFRED FREDERICKS, *accompanying a poem appropriate to the joyful season we are now celebrating. For the leading article there is a description of Easter in Jerusalem by* MISS LYDIA M. FINKELSTEIN.

The attractions in the way of fiction include the Second Chapter of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," by MR. JAMES OTIS; *an installment of "Talking Leaves," by* MR. W. O. STODDARD; *and an interesting sea story by* MR. FRANK CONVERSE, *entitled "Off Cape Horn."*

There is a description of Jumbo, and an illustration of a party of little people on his back that will excite a vast deal of anticipation among small readers. The illustration on the ninth page, entitled "Don't Want to be Washed," is also sure to meet with sympathetic appreciation.

Special attention may be called to the brilliantly illustrated story in verse, entitled "The Cruise of the Walnut Shell."

THE POLITICAL CALM.

THE political situation baffles speculation. Everybody is conscious that the issues upon which parties divided twenty-five years ago are settled. Not a cry of the campaign of 1860 could be uttered in that of 1884. Everybody is also conscious that there are questions of vital importance, and of a wholly different kind from those of the last quarter of a century, upon which there is as yet no party division. Such are the true principle and policy of taxation in its various forms; the question of monopoly; of capital and labor; of administrative reform. These are all issues of the future. They are not whimseys. They will not "blow over," and they must be met by the organized co-operation of those who agree in opinion. The present situation, therefore, is one of suspense and expectation. It is consequently, also, one of great independence, and one in which the ordinary machine politician is entirely at sea.

Its most positive aspect is the internal dissension of the great parties. In New York, for instance, Democratic Tammany allies itself with Republicans, and the alliance is denounced by other Democrats and other Republicans, and with a disgust and fervor which can easily affect the election. At the West the Democratic editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* arraigns his party for folly and its press for stupidity, and is sharply brought to book by journals of his own faith. In Pennsylvania the independent Republicans organize, and announce their purpose to be "regular" only upon condition that "regularity" does not mean "boss rule," and they command 40,000 or 50,000 votes. In Washington the most savage assault is made upon the character of the late President, in the interest of the wing of the Republican party which favored a third term, while the patronage of the Government falls largely to the same wing. The consequent feeling within the party is one of extreme bitterness. Thus neither party is united upon any policy or person, but each, on the contrary, is furiously distracted, and it is questionable whether the hostility of the factions is not much fiercer than that between the parties. The more intelligent Democrats propose that their party should betake itself to what are called Jeffersonian principles, forgetting that parties do not go backward, and blind to the fact that nowhere is national aid so constantly invoked and anticipated as in the section of the Union which is most Democratic. The more intelligent Republicans, on their side, point out that to check patronage is to raise politics from mere personality. But meanwhile patronage is in the hands of those who believe in its partisan use.

It is in this condition that we are drifting toward the election of a new Congress, and it is plain that it will be an exceedingly interesting election. Mere regularity will hardly suffice for a candidate's platform. There will be great and general catechizing. Candidates will be closely questioned upon their views regarding the new issues. Do they favor restrictive legislation upon corporations, railway commissions, free trade in ships, a reformed method of minor civil appointments? The same inquisitive and independent spirit will hardly accept vague and evasive answers, and it is obviously probable that unsatisfactory nominations will lead to a system of scrub-races. If nominations should be carried by bosses, machines, and bargains, stump and independent candidates will appear. Under certain circumstances, there is no doubt that such might be the situation in New York. What was done so successfully in the Erie district last autumn could readily be repeated in the State should occasion arise. The political atmosphere is calm, but it is in a highly electrical condition.

THE VETO.

IN a temperate and excellent message the President has vetoed the Chinese bill. He states in detail the existing treaty relations between the countries, and the express understanding between the Commissioners upon both sides in the late negotiations. It was stipulated that the free immigration of Chinese should not be prohibited, and that any regulation of their coming should be reasonable. But an exclusion of twenty years is a practical prohibition, and therefore unreasonable. The President adopts this view, and regarding the twenty years clause as a breach of the national faith, he returns the bill.

He objects, also, incidentally, to the passport and registration provisions, as subjecting the resident Chinese to needless annoyance, which is equally forbidden by good faith. The President adds further that the bill is repugnant to good policy. It would be detrimental to the general interest to destroy amicable relations with Asia until it is plainly evident that Asiatic competition threatens our labor and safety. To ascertain how far this is probable, a shorter exclusion is desirable. But the President accepts the bill as evidence that Congress is of opinion that the Chinese immigration does injuriously affect our interests and endangers good order, and the tone of the message implies that a "reasonable" exclusion bill would not be vetoed.

The possible party effect of his veto the President has properly not allowed to sway his decision. If the veto should give California and the Pacific coast to the Democrats, it would be evident that they could be retained for the Republicans only by a wanton defiance of the American principle that honest immigrants to this country shall not be excluded until self-defense demands exclusion, and that in any case the national good faith shall be preserved. If fidelity to these principles should cost the Republican party some advantages, that fidelity will ultimately, as usual, commend the party to the renewed confidence of the country.

THE RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

WHEN we were endeavoring to suppress the rebellion, the raids upon our domain from British Canadian territory, and the plots of rebel intriguers and cowards upon British soil against our cities and the national cause, naturally excited deep and angry feeling, and renewed the traditional hostility to England. It ought to be easy, therefore, for us to understand the feeling with which liberal and intelligent Englishmen, honorably engaged in the task of trying to relieve Irish suffering and obviate Irish complaint, perceive that the hostile attitude of Ireland is largely maintained by Irishmen living in this country, and by American demagogues who pander to them. The base of the Fenian movement, as a late well-informed writer in the *Fortnightly Review* stated, was the United States, and it is in great part by money and furious denunciation of the Saxon, conveyed from this safe distance, and by "blarney" speeches in Congress, that the remedial endeavors of the present British administration, which is the most sincerely friendly to Ireland ever known, are perplexed and frustrated.

This is not a situation which honorable Englishmen can regard with enthusiasm, nor honorable Americans contemplate with pride. Such Americans see with righteous indignation that their country and its laws are made a mere convenience by foreigners for their own purposes, and that complaints of the invasion of the rights of American citizenship proceed in almost every instance from those in whom American feeling is subordinate to a foreign interest and loyalty. This is a fact so familiar and undeniable that while such alleged wrongs elicit a few rhetorical pyrotechnics in Congress from orators anxious to please the "Irish vote," they seldom arouse general feeling, not because Americans are indifferent to their national honor, nor negligent in asserting the rights of American citizenship, but because the presumption is generally against the allegation. If in the midst of troubles in Ireland it is announced that an American citizen has been illegally seized, and immured in a "dungeon," the strong probability is felt to be that he is not a peaceful American citizen who is attending to his own business, but an emissary of some society in America organized for the purpose of fostering and supporting Irish hostilities with England, who has made himself amenable to English law. The best service that such a citizen can render the Irish troubles is to get the English and American governments at loggerheads.

But whatever the probability and presumption may be, the American government is bound to protect the rights of all its citizens, and upon the authentic assertion that those rights have been disregarded, to require that the facts be ascertained. This is what has been done in the present case. It is alleged that certain persons who are American citizens have been improperly arrested in Ireland, and the government has requested the British authorities to bring them to trial, or to release them should they prove to be American citizens unlawfully detained. Without bluster, or buncombe, or demagogy of any kind, the Administration and our Minister in England have been quietly and carefully and promptly acting, and with the best results. It is fortunate for the country that the matter is in the hands of sagacious, temperate, and patriotic men, who know their own rights and the respect due to the rights of other friendly nations. Despite the natural indignation of Englishmen at seeing the abuse to which a friendly country and its laws are subjected, in the way that we have pointed out, there is no reason whatever to doubt the amicable disposition of the British government, and its acquiescence in every request that our government has the right to make. There is also no reason whatever for honest Englishmen to doubt that there is equal contempt and indignation in this country for those who abuse American citizenship either abroad or at home.

A WISE AND JUST DEMAND.

THE memorial of the trustees of the Peabody Education Fund asking Congress to aid the common schools in the Southern States, and especially the colored schools, is accompanied by a report which deserves careful consideration. The report is signed by A. H. H. STUART, Chief Justice WAITE, and WILLIAM M. EVARTS, and it is a very strong, clear, and persuasive plea. It begins by stating the views of "the fathers" upon the vital relation of education and intelligence to the preservation of the government, and proceeds to show that slavery was imposed upon the country by the authority of the British government, and without the sanction of the Colonial Legislatures; that emancipation was necessarily followed by civil and political enfranchisement, and that, as a consequence, there are now hundreds of thousands of citizens of the United States, and voters at national elections, who were recently slaves, and who are now notoriously incompetent from illiteracy for the intelligent discharge of public duties.

The first step to fit them for such duties is to give them a proper education. The trustees, however, do not ask that the United States shall take control of the whole subject of education in the country. But the colored citizens are by familiar circumstances an exceptional class. They have not neglected to fit themselves as citizens, but they have had no opportunity; they could not do it. None the less is their ignorance a national peril. They are probably five millions in number, and if one-seventh of them are voters, there are more than seven hundred thousand incapable colored voters. They are mainly confined to the Southern States, and those States, with the best disposition to maintain schools, are so impoverished as to be absolutely unable adequately to do it. One obvious peril of this vast ignorance, not to the Southern States alone, but to the country, the report mentions. In a free and ignorant community, the assumed antagonism between capital and labor under the breath of artful demagogues is readily blown into fury. Four-fifths of the national and of local bonds, with those of railway and canal companies, and a large proportion of the stock of banks, railroads, and other great corporations, are held in the Northern and Eastern States. The population of the Southern and Western States, and especially the colored people, have no other concern with them, directly or indirectly, than to pay their share of taxes to provide interest and dividends. These jarring interests of debtor and creditor, of numbers and property, says the report, hold the seeds of serious disturbance. Already the colored voters are told that they are not bound to pay any public debt contracted before they were free. Is it not wise national policy to enlighten this ignorance?

The constitutional right of national aid, according to this report of the Chief Justice of the United States and of Mr. Evarts, is settled. It is *res adjudicata*. The statute-book is full of innumerable laws granting such aid. To the State of Minnesota alone national lands have been granted having a money value of nearly $20,000,000. The unappropriated national domain is 1,414,567,594 acres, which would yield an ample fund not only to educate the colored people in the Southern States, but to equalize the account between the old and new States. An interesting table has been prepared to show what relative amounts a total sum of three dollars a head for illiterates would give the States. Tennessee, for instance, has a population of 1,542,359, and New York 5,082,871. In Tennessee the total number of illiterates, of ten years of age and over, who can not write, is 410,722; in New York, 219,600. The aid to Tennessee, therefore, would

be $1,232,166; to New York, with four times as much population, $658,800. Dr. CURRY, an agent of the Peabody Fund, and Superintendents ORR, of Georgia, and THOMPSON, of South Carolina, have appeared before the committee of the House. They urge the grant of a generous sum, perhaps $15,000,000 annually, to be divided among the States in proportion to illiteracy, but no State to share which does not spend from local taxation for the schools an amount equal at least to one-third the bounty of the government for that State. No claim can be more truly national and imperative than that of aid to common education. In this cause generosity is true economy.

THE LATEST APPOINTMENTS.

THE last important nominations made by the President complete the change in the cabinet. Secretary KIRKWOOD, of the Interior Department, is superseded by Senator TELLER, of Colorado, and Secretary HUNT, of the Navy Department, by Mr. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER. Mr. HUNT is nominated to the Russian mission, but no disposition is made of Mr. KIRKWOOD. The striking part of these nominations is that at the moment when the contest between Mr. BLAINE and the Administration is most determined, Mr. BLAINE'S particular friend and follower is called into the cabinet. It is understood that the relations between them have recently been less cordial. It is certain that they are not likely to be more cordial hereafter. Mr. CHANDLER is generally known as a clever and untiring and experienced political manager. He has not been, however, a party leader in the higher sense, and when nominated by President GARFIELD to the Solicitor-Generalship, the Senate declined to confirm him. Mr. CHANDLER has done what is called hard work for the party, but the work has not been of such a kind that his appointment strengthens either the Administration or the party. Mr. TELLER, however excellent and capable a man, is virtually unknown to the country.

Mr. WORTHINGTON, nominated to be Collector at Boston, is the proprietor of the Boston *Traveller*, which is the chief Stalwart newspaper in New England, and a contemptuous opponent of administrative reform. Mr. WORTHINGTON supersedes Mr. BEARD, who has been a very efficient and satisfactory officer, and who sympathizes with the reform movement. Several of the other customs officers who appear upon the list are re-appointments, and that Mr. BEARD is not re-appointed is due to political considerations. Massachusetts is the State in which Republican sentiment is most openly and strongly pronounced for reform. Both of its Senators in Congress and many of its Representatives are favorable to it, and Senator DAWES has introduced a bill to carry reform into practical effect. The nomination of Mr. WORTHINGTON, whose newspaper is the only Republican journal in Boston hostile to the movement, is the plain announcement that the President is not in accord upon this subject with the Republicans of Massachusetts.

We see with regret the steady divergence of the President upon this point from a wide-spread and powerful Republican sentiment. The general course of the Administration, as in the South American, the Chinese, and the Irish arrest questions, has commanded united Republican sympathy and support. But a change in offices of appointment, not for legitimate reasons affecting personal character or the public business, but for political considerations, produces a disapproval and distrust which, although a healthy sign of sound views and of political independence, in the present political situation is a serious injury to the Administration. A perfectly safe rule in a time of personal politics like the present is to re-appoint all incumbents whose service has been honest and efficient and satisfactory. This is the conduct of the public business upon business principles which the common-sense of the country approves, and which would save the Executive immense trouble, and avoid dangerous bitterness of feeling.

A BRITISH COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

AN important meeting was recently held in London, at the invitation of the Prince of Wales, to consider the founding and endowing of a British College of Music. The project was urged by the Duke of Edinburgh ten years ago, and something was done, but the enterprise was unsuccessful. The present effort, however, begins under the most promising auspices, so far as the social distinction of the projectors is concerned. The meeting was held in St. James's Palace, and it was composed of persons of the highest rank—the Prince of Wales and his brother, the Prime Minister, Lord Lieutenant, dukes, ambassadors, a cardinal, archbishops, and gentlemen who are most noted for their knowledge of music and interest in its promotion.

The Prince of Wales presided, and read an excellent speech, in which he addressed himself to business. To maintain the college with 100 pupils, apart from its buildings, will require from $50,000 to $60,000 a year; and as he truly said, the plan would admit of any degree of development, in proportion to the liberality of private persons or of the government. The proposed college is to be to England what the Conservatoires at Berlin, Paris, and Vienna are to those cities, the recognized centre and head of the musical world. The cultivation of music fostered not only the national talent, but it elevated the national character, and the Prince appealed to every class and every citizen to aid the great and beneficent work.

The Duke of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Rosebery, the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor of London, and the leader of the Tory party, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, followed the Prince in interesting speeches. Mr. GLADSTONE said that there had been great progress in the national interest in music, an interest which could be most wisely promoted; and a resolution was adopted to call meetings throughout the country, and to use the utmost exertion to obtain the necessary money. The Prince of Wales has never appeared to better advantage than in his speech at this meeting.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

SINCE plumbing has been banned, and "modern improvements" in the dwelling-house have been roundly denounced as mere conduits of disease and death, it is pleasant to hear from a cool and sagacious man of science, who is an expert upon such subjects, that all household pipes and conveniences are not necessarily deadly, and that a man does not inevitably introduce diphtheria into his family by opening a communication with the sewer.

At a late discussion in the Academy of Medicine, as we learn from the *Sanitary Engineer*, Dr. HAMILTON and Professor DOREMUS were very skeptical of plumbing defenses against sewer gas. But Dr. BILLINGS took a more cheerful view. He said that late experiments show that the amount of gas from a sewer which passes through a water trap is not only so small as to be detected only by the most delicate test, but so diluted with air that it is not dangerous. There is no specific sewer gas, but sewers generate various kinds of gases which do not produce specific contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, or typhoid fever. But if not diluted they enfeeble the system, and dispose it to be affected by the cause of disease.

When, however, they are diluted, they are not dangerous, and this dilution can be secured by thorough ventilation of the soil pipe, and by cutting communication between the sewer and the soil pipe by a trap and a fresh-air inlet. Under such conditions the amount of dangerous gases in the soil pipe is very small, and the quantity absorbed by the house water traps is inappreciable. Contagion by germs of disease, however, can not be wholly prevented by dilution. But experiment shows that the water trap prevents the passage of such germs. Dr. BILLINGS thinks that safe plumbing is possible, and that the true remedy is to secure that. Dr. JANEWAY added that he challenged any one to tell him of a case of scarlet fever which had been produced by germs pressing through a water trap. These comforting remarks need not foster negligence, but they may very well relieve morbid apprehensions and the attribution of all modern disease to plumbing.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE MUSIC FESTIVAL.

THE programme of the great music festival, which is to begin on the 2d of May at the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York, and continue through the week, has been completed by THEODORE THOMAS, and is published. It presents a series of musical works illustrating progressively the great masters of the different schools, and is the finest and most comprehensive series ever prepared for continuous performance. This is the programme:

1645–1678—Stradella, Alessandro: Aria di Chiesa.
1653–1713—Corelli, Arcangelo: Sonata.
1685–1756—Bach, J. S.: Cantata, "A stronghold sure."
1685–1759—Handel, G. F.: Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt"; Jubilate (Utrecht).
1714–1787—Gluck, C. W.: "Iphigenia in Aulis," overture and scene I.
1740–1806—Boccherini, Luigi: Minuet.
1754–1791—Mozart, W. A.: Symphony in C ("Jupiter"); "Magic Flute," aria.
1760–1842—Cherubini, Luigi: "Les Deux Journées," overture and finale, act I.
1763–1817—Mehul, H. E.: "Joseph," aria.
1770–1827—Beethoven, L. Von: "Missa Solennis," D Major, op. 123; Symphony, C Minor, No. 5; Abscheulicher, "Fidelio."
1784–1851—Spontini, Gasparo: "La Vestale," overture, and scenes from act II.
1784–1859—Spohr, Louis: "Jessonda," aria.
1786–1826—Weber, Carl M. Von: "Oberon," "Ocean, thou mighty monster."
1792–1868—Rossini, G. A.: "Guglielmo Tell," overture and terzetto.
1797–1828—Schubert, Franz: Symphony in C, No. 9.
1797–1848—Donizetti, Gaetano: "Favorita," aria.
1802–1835—Bellini, Vicenzio: "Sonnambula," finale.
1803–1869—Berlioz, Hector: "Les Troyens," act II., "Fall of Troy."
1809–1847—Mendelssohn, F. B.: "Ruy Blas," overture.
1810–1857—Schumann, Robert: "Manfred," overture.
1811—Liszt, Franz: Symphony to Dante's "Divina Commedia."
1813—Wagner, Richard: scenas from the Trilogy, Rheingold—Walküre, Siegfried, Götterdammerung; "Meistersinger," chorus, act III.
1814—Verdi, G.: "Ernani," aria.
1818—Bazzini, A.: "Re Lear," overture.
1829—Rubinstein, A.: scena and aria, "E dunque ver."

MR. LEIGH SMITH IN FRANZ-JOSEF LAND.

THERE is a great deal of anxiety in England about the fate of Mr. LEIGH SMITH, an English gentleman who sails or steams his yacht, not to the Mediterranean, but to the Arctic Ocean, and who is supposed to be probably "nipped" near Franz-Josef Land with a crew of twenty-four persons. Application has been made to the British Government to aid in the search for him; and although it is unusual for public money to be spent in the relief of private explorers, yet Mr. SMITH has distinguished himself so highly in arctic research, and has shown so intelligent and heroic a public spirit in his voyages, that Lord NORTHBROOK has stated that the Government will propose to Parliament a grant of £5000 toward the relief expedition.

The search for DE LONG, of the *Jeannette*, has already begun on the coast of Siberia, in the delta of the Lena. The promptness with which the two officers detailed by the Navy Department to take part in the search proceeded from this country to the scene of exploration is worthy of all commendation.

If the result shall show that the *Jeannette* expedition has added little to our knowledge of the pole and its neighborhood, there will be undoubtedly a considerable addition to the store of scientific fact, and there will be certainly a much more general familiarity with Arctic Siberia. Should Mr. LEIGH SMITH be found to have obtained important results in his hardy enterprise, the recent contributions to polar knowledge, including the valuable and interesting record of NORDENSKJÖLD'S voyage, will be very important. If, however, there are no good tidings of DE LONG or of LEIGH SMITH, the last will be one of the sad years in the grim and romantic story of arctic exploration.

PERSONAL.

MR. LOWELL is one of the most popular speakers at public meetings in London. His presence is eagerly sought, and he is listened to with the greatest attention, for he not only says that which is pat to the occasion, but generally presents it in a humorous way that captivates Mr. Bull. Recently the Lord Mayor gave a banquet to commemorate the Smoke Abatement Exhibition, at which Mr. LOWELL told the following amusing tale: "He remembered," he said, "a little story he heard of a neighbor of his who invented something for increasing the draught of his chimney, which he put on to the flue of his breakfast-room, but he did not remain in the room while the machine was being applied. He looked, however, through a crack in the door, and the first object he saw was his revered mother-in-law and then his beloved wife mounting the flue like witches on broomsticks, and then he saw the family cat drawn backward across the carpet, vainly clinging with her fore-paws, and disputing every inch of ground, when he turned and fled." He could not help thinking that if they were to build chimneys high enough, and put his neighbor's invention on the top, it might have some effect on the smoke of London.

—WILL CARLETON will read the poem at the next annual meeting of the New York Press Association, to be held in June, and Judge TOURGEE will deliver an address.

—Ex-Postmaster-General JEWELL is always proud to speak of his being a tanner. Recently he said to a visitor: "I am one of the superintendents here, and my brothers are the others. We are tanners by trade. I can put on an apron and do any work in our factory, from the currying of leather to the finishing of a belt."

—Mr. MOSES TAYLOR, one of the most opulent men in New York, who has been identified with the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad from its inception, has given $250,000 for the endowment of a hospital for the disabled employés of that company and of the Lackawanna Coal and Iron Company. It will be located at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

—H. C. C. ASTWOOD is the fourth colored man who has received a consular appointment under our government, and he has just sailed for his station, Santo Domingo. He is a dark, intelligent-looking mulatto, speaks with fluency, and has good command of language, his pronunciation being purely Southern.

—The first conveyance of real estate in New York by JOHN JACOB ASTOR is dated August 14, 1789, being two lots in the Bowery Lane, for £250. The next was for a lot in Little Dock Street (now Water Street), for £850. AARON BURR, from the time he moved to this city, in 1783, until his ruin, twenty-four years later, purchased twenty-four lots of real estate, and made eighty sales.

—Rev. Dr. BEVAN, who has left the Brick Church in this city to resume pastoral work in London, was made happy by a purse of over $6000 presented to him by his congregation just before his departure.

—The BRIDGES, of Augusta, Maine, set great store on a silver tankard in the possession of JAMES BRIDGE. It was given in 1737 by MATTHEW BRIDGE to his son SAMUEL, on the occasion of the latter's marriage. On the tankard is engraved the history of the heirloom. This heirloom descended as follows: MATTHEW BRIDGE, born 1650; to his son SAMUEL, born 1705; to his son EDMUND, born 1739; to his son JAMES, born 1765; to his son EDMUND, born 1799; to his brother JAMES, born 1804. JOHN BRIDGE, father of MATTHEW, emigrated to Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1631.

—"Templeton," the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, writing of Mr. LONGFELLOW, says: "He was a very benevolent man, whom the poor will miss very much. He had inherited wealth in his own right; his second wife brought him a comfortable fortune; he had a large income from his books. He spent all this kindly—had an open heart and open hand. He seemed to mellow in his sympathies, if possible, as he grew older. He never had an enemy in Boston. Of late years he had not a detractor."

—Mr. VICTOR DRUMMOND, who leaves the Secretaryship of the British Legation at Washington to become Secretary of the Embassy at Vienna, was the recipient of a fine dinner at Washington a few evenings since by his friends in that city.

—It is understood in R. C. cirles that Bishop FITZGERALD, of Little Rock, Arkansas, is about to receive the appointment of Papal Delegate to the United States, and will thus represent the Pope in this country in temporal as well as in spiritual affairs. Hitherto matters relating to the selection of bishops and diocesan boundaries have been referred direct to Rome. Hereafter they will go through the new channel. The diocese of Little Rock is one of the smallest in the United States, and having the least episcopal work to perform, it is supposed that Bishop F. would have ample time for the work without interfering with his regular duties. However, there is a good deal of politics in these appointments, as there is in getting into the softer places of all the different denominations in the U. S. of A.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE, in a late number of London *Truth*, lets in a little light on the dramatic trifles that frequently impart interest to matters of public importance. Alluding to recent remarks about the Queen's long friendship for Lord BEACONSFIELD and her keen appreciation of his talents, he says: "The real fact is that the Queen had scarcely ever seen Lord BEACONSFIELD when he became Prime Minister in 1868. He had managed to offend her Majesty and Prince ALBERT in the days when he was leading the protectionists; and it is, I believe, a fact that until Mr. DISRAELI was Chancellor of the Exchequer he was never once invited to a state entertainment. These functions were then more frequent and more brilliant than they are now, and, so far as I remember, a formal protest against the exclusion was secretly sent to the palace by several of Mr. DISRAELI'S followers, it being pointed out that it was an unprecedented thing for the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons to be thus neglected; but Prince ALBERT was not fond of Mr. DISRAELI, and if he had lived it is quite certain that Lord BEACONSFIELD would never have become a court favorite. It is rather an odd fact, by-the-way, considering the high-flown eulogies of which the Prince Consort has ever been the subject, that the three statesmen whom he most disliked, and whom he did his best to thwart and put aside, were Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. DISRAELI, and Mr. GLADSTONE. During the nine months Mr. DISRAELI was in office in 1868 he managed to ingratiate himself with the Queen, who, in the first instance, would scarcely hear of his becoming Prime Minister, and the good impression he then left was rendered permanent during the first months of his second tenure of power.

"THE NEIGHBORS."—From the Painting by J. G. Brown, in the National Academy of Design.—[See Page 231.]

"BARGAINING FOR A CALF."—From the Painting by A. C. Howland, in the National Academy of Design.—[See Page 231.]

"THE OLD MAN'S FACE CHANGED SUDDENLY, AND HE PRESSED HIS HAND HARD UPON THE ARM OF THE HAIR-CLOTH SOFA."

A MODERN PURITAN.

By MRS. ZADEL B. GUSTAFSON.

Stephen Billings had finished his dinner—a meal eaten at noon by the inhabitants of the thinly settled farming town of Hillside—and was shoving back his chair, when he heard a rap at the front door. It stood open—for it was a warm day in the last week of May—and framed a delightful view across slope and valley, a view at this moment eclipsed by the figure of a tall and handsome girl, who stood waiting at the threshold.

"Eh, Miss Sophrony!" said Mr. Billings, bowing his head to peer at her between the shaggy gray tufts of his knitted brows and the upper rim of his silver-bowed spectacles. "Won't ye walk in? How's Mis' Newcomb? Childern doin' well to school? Hev a cheer, won't ye?—ye look real beat."

"Mother is well, thank you," said Sophronia, hurriedly. "Can I see you a few moments alone, Mr. Billings?"

"Sartin ye can—what's to hender?" said the old bachelor, bluntly. "There's the gal in the kitchen, busy mostly a-breakin' on the dishes, an' *she* won't hear; so speak right out, Miss Sophrony, an' git rid on't, for I own I'm powerful curis to know what's brought ye!"

The girl blushed; it was, in fact, the first time she had ever been under Stephen Billings's roof. "I've come to see you about the mortgage on father's farm—"

The old man started, straightening up stiffly. "Ye jest go right straight back hum, an' tell yer father not to send none o' his petticoats to me. I don't do business with gals."

"Oh, Mr. Billings, father doesn't know that I came!" cried the girl, quickly. "It is all my own doing; no one knows a word about it, and you mustn't tell."

"Mustn't, hey?"

"No, you will not tell; you have no right, for I have come to you in confidence, and you are a gentleman, and can not betray me." She was pale, and trembled very much, but there was no mistaking the resolution in her voice and glance.

"I ain't no gentleman," Stephen Billings answered, after a pause; "but if ye reely cum by yerself, I ain't called upon, fur 's I know, to go a-givin' on ye away by tattlin'. What is't ye want?"

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Billings, and I'll speak as I would if you were my own father instead of my father's enemy."

The old man's face changed suddenly, and he pressed his hand hard upon the arm of the hair-cloth sofa where he sat; but the girl went on, without pause or visible hesitation, as if life and death were in the balance. "I don't understand business very well, but I do know that father can not pay up the mortgage, and that you have said that he must pay, or you must have the farm. I want you to grant him one year, and at the end of it, if he can not pay you, Mr. Billings, I will. I've come here to ask you to do this great kindness to me, Mr. Billings—not to my father or my mother, but to me. And I ask you to deal with me as you would wish to have a man deal by your daughter, if she were in such trouble as I am."

The sweet, passionately earnest voice ceased, and the speaker came forward and, sinking into the chair at the end of the sofa, laid her hand on the old man's arm. She had proudly refrained from allusion either to her mother's delicate health, or her father's age and rheumatic disabilities. She would not permit them, even through her, to vainly supplicate this hard man, but herself she freely humbled for their dear sakes. The Newcomb farm was small, and the mortgage but a trifling sum, if only Daniel Newcomb had not been poor, physically disabled, and through the misdeeds of others in debt. On the other hand, Stephen Billings was rich, at least for a Hillsider; but he was known to be a grasping as well as a thrifty man, and few people who knew him would have dreamed of such an attempt as Sophronia Newcomb had made. Yet courage and devotion sometimes answer better than the subtlest worldly wisdom. It was a long time since any one had spoken to Stephen Billings with this tone of complete confidence in his doing what was right, whether pleasant or not, just because it was right; and it was a very long time since a warm young hand had touched him kindly like this girlish hand he felt trembling on his arm. When, after a pause, he raised his eyes to hers, his features were working with unaccustomed and strongly repressed emotion.

"Wa'al, I've heered ye," he said, "and ef I'd had a darter, an' she wuz ter cum ter a man as ye've cum to me—in trouble, ye said—I'd want him ter say, Jest ye be easy; I'll give Dan'l—I'll give yer father a year. Sho! what be ye doin'?" Sophronia had caught one of his hands and kissed its brown freckled back. He rose and walked over to the window, then came back and paused in front of her. "Ye're the picter o' yer mother when she was a gal, an' Dan'l an' me were boys. I suppose ye don't know ye cum mighty nigh to bein' my darter?"

Sophronia had risen when he did. Her heart was full, and her tongue was no longer fluent.

"I don't mind tellin' on ye," he said, a little huskily, "for ye ain't the gal to go repeatin' on't: yer mother wuz the only gal I ever asked to marry me, an' I wuz a soft-hearted lad in them days. She said no, and it sp'iled things for me a good deal ever sence."

He walked away again, and stood some moments in the front doorway. When he returned, it was with his old manner. He too had in his way been proud, for he had refrained from telling Sophronia that it was chiefly due to an ungenerous action on her father's part that her mother, when she was pretty Anna Green, had refused him, and steeled his heart once and for all.

"It's a bargain," said he, "an' I'll stick to't jest as if ye were my own darter an' not my enemy's darter."

This bit of humor and half retaliation made it easier for Sophronia to thank him, and they who had passed each other in the village ways for all her twenty years as strangers, parted now as friends, with an odd bond of secrecy in their alliance. Stephen Billings had not been the only direction in which Sophronia had sought relief. She had an aunt living in New York, the wife of one of its wealthy merchants. Mrs. Bird was very fond of her niece, and having no children of her own, would long ago have adopted Sophronia if the latter could have been induced to leave her parents. As it was, Mrs. Bird had insisted on securing to the bright and pretty girl the advantages of a full course at the Wilbraham Academy. To Mrs. Bird, Sophronia had written, revealing the home situation under pledge of secrecy, and begging her aunt to secure for her some young pupils for a forenoon class. Mrs. Bird in reply warmly expostulated with Sophronia, offering her a permanent home, and proposing an immediate loan. But Sophronia was firm, declined all these kind overtures, and pleaded for the forenoon class; and the very next day after her interview with Stephen Billings she received a letter from Mrs. Bird announcing, still with much tender protest, that the class was arranged, and she could assume its direction at any moment.

With this letter in her hand, Sophronia broke the matter to her parents, who were not only surprised and loath to part with her, but urged that there could be no necessity for it, now that "Old Grind," as Mr. Newcomb dubbed his old school-mate and creditor, had "shown such a soft spot," and granted him a "whole year on the pesky mortgage."

Nevertheless Sophronia persisted in carrying out her plan. On arriving in New York, Sophronia amazed her aunt—who received her warmly, and made her at once the mistress of a lovely room—by going out on the third day, and returning with the news that she had found and taken cheap but reputable lodgings in another part of the city, with kitchen privileges.

"Kitchen privileges!" cried Mrs. Bird, looking at her niece in real dismay. "My dear Sophronia, what on earth can you want of kitchen privileges?"

"Why, to board myself, of course. I must earn and save every cent I can," said Sophronia, earnestly. "I have given my word, and I will keep it. And can't you see, dear aunt, there is but one way?"

"No, I can't;" and Mrs. Bird folded and unfolded her hands in sincere vexation. "You do not need to be so proud. If this is what is meant by New England pride, I'm sure it's a very ugly virtue. It was all very well for those delicate women who had to come over in the *Mayflower*, and be dumped on Plymouth Rock with nothing to eat or to wear, poor things, for they couldn't help themselves. I've never believed—for there's no sense in it—that they came of their own free-will, and chose hard times and everything dirty and disagreeable. But with you, Sophronia, it's very different, and you might please me if you would."

Sophronia gently shook her head. "Do let me do as I feel I ought, without having to feel that I vex you," she pleaded; and then she kissed her aunt with so sweet a look of tenderness and inflexibility that Mrs. Bird yielded.

The arrangement in no way interfered with Sophronia's management of her class, which she met daily in the vestry of a chapel which had been fitted and assigned to this purpose through Mrs. Bird's representation and at her expense. Sophronia enjoyed her work. As she went to and fro she observed unobtrusively but keenly the people and the incidents of the streets: the rich, as they walked or rode, the poor, and the devices to which they resorted—the apple women, the candy stalls, the rag-pickers, the bouquet girls, and the newsboys. As a result of all these observa-

"BREAKING FROM HER COMPANIONS WITH AN EXCITED EXCLAMATION, MLLE. BLAND GRASPED THE OLD WOMAN BY THE WRISTS."

tions, part of her first earnings she sent home, and part she invested.

One evening, when Sophronia had been some four months in the city, Mrs. Bird gave a reception to the lovely and popular tragedienne Mlle. Bland, who had opened the season early with what were enthusiastically pronounced to be the finest impersonations which had graced the New York stage for many years. At supper the guests, who had been severally contributing little anecdotes and recollections for the general amusement, called on Mlle. Bland for the most curious incident which she could recall in connection with her profession.

"The thing you ask for occurred this very week. Last Wednesday, near the close of the matinée, I met a young lady in the passages who begged me to direct her to Mlle. Bland. Of course I took her to my dressing-room. She was plainly dressed, but in good taste, and was not only beautiful, with charming manners, but so earnest and so frank I was captivated by her. She made a strange request. She said, without any prelude, that she was in great need of money, and to obtain it wished to procure the disguise of a poor old woman, and to learn how to assume it readily. I should have liked to give her the money at once, but if you had seen her you would understand how it was quite impossible to think of it for a moment. I assure you I would quite as soon offer my purse to a queen. I was so interested, and, I must confess, so curious, that I said if she was going upon the stage I would gladly hear her rehearse her part, thinking that this offer would bring me some hint of her purpose. But she might have been an oyster, for any information I could elicit. She pleased me so much that I took great pains to teach her how to make herself up as an old woman, and I gave her a dress suited to her purpose, a mélange from my Meg Merrilies and other costumes. It was a great success. She caught every suggestion of mine with the quickness of an artist; and at the last, imagine my perplexity when she attempted to pay me, not for my kindness, she said, but for the costume and the little parcel of cosmetics. I had really to quarrel with her."

"Where did she come from?" "What name did she give?" asked several of the guests together.

"Ah, that is the oddest of all," said Mlle. Bland, laughing. "She didn't give her name, and absolutely I couldn't ask it. I should know the costume anywhere; so if it appears on the stage here, we may yet discover her."

As the year passed on, small sums steadily made their way to the old people at the Newcomb farm, and Stephen Billings had received nearly all his dues.

Sophronia had kept on steadfastly in her chosen course, and Mrs. Bird had shown her own fine tact and her genuine regard for her niece in nothing so much as in her careful refraining from any pressure which could make Sophronia feel herself to be a source of puzzle or dissatisfaction to her aunt. Sophronia loved her pupils, and they warmly returned her love; but she never went to their homes, and never invited them to hers. She had also, in the first instance, explained to her aunt that until her pledge was redeemed she desired retirement, and to avoid any introduction to Mrs. Bird's multitude of fashionable acquaintances. Therefore she had been very seldom to Mrs. Bird's Fifth Avenue home, where she would have been so welcome.

At last the debt was paid, the last farthing had been dispatched, the old home was ransomed, and would be the happy humble shelter of her parents' closing days.

One night in spring, when the apple-trees were beginning to blossom in the orchards and sweeten the airs of Hillside, and the wealthier classes of New York were beginning to plan and prepare for the usual summer exodus, an old woman who had become familiar to the passers on a certain beat as the bearer of a tray of excellent and always fresh candies, which sold as fast as she could replenish her store, took her stand, with her last trayful for that evening, near the stage-entrance of a theatre. She had found that she could generally clear a tray to the players as they came out in a tired yet generous and jesting mood.

The occasion had been especially brilliant, for it was both the first and the last appearance in months of the great popular favorite Mlle. Bland. The actors began to come out. Several of them spoke to the old woman, and purchased from her tray, which was attractive with a scattering of fresh-cut flowers. At last Mlle. Bland appeared. A tall and remarkably handsome young man pressed forward, with an air of privilege, to hand her to her carriage.

In the same instant Mlle. Bland saw the old woman. Breaking from her companions with an excited exclamation, Mlle. Bland grasped the old woman by the wrists. The latter stood transfixed; her tray fell to the pavement, and the scene being misunderstood, she was somewhat rudely handled before Mlle. Bland could prevent, and her hood and wig falling back, the disguise was evident to all. The wonder was rebuffed and the gathering crowd kept off by the quick-witted action of Mlle. Bland. "Forgive me, my dear," said she to the candy woman, so that all could hear it, and to the crowd, "It's all right," and helped her into the carriage, the young man following, which rolled away while the by-standers were still gaping. The next morning Mrs. Bird received an early call from Arthur Lynd, the young man in whom she was most interested of all her large circle of acquaintance. She admired his character, believed in his future, and had of late begun to think in the secrecy of her soul that she could not do a better thing than to bring about an acquaintance between him and her lovely niece. But how to accomplish this with the intractable Sophronia!

"Well, what is it?" said Mrs. Bird, as she received the young man.

"She's found!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone, as he tossed his cap aside.

"Who is found?"

"The old woman—the young woman, I mean, that Mlle. Bland told us about last fall. Don't you remember? And she is the most beautiful young girl I ever saw in my life. For all she was in an old dowdy brown dress, and her face stained, she had the air of a princess, and such noble features, and the most proud and modest eyes!"

"Why, my dear Arthur, you have lost your head! Where is she, and who is she?"

"That's just it! Nobody knows where she is, nor who she is. It's just as Mlle. Bland told us last fall; it isn't possible to ask this young lady anything she doesn't voluntarily tell. Mlle. Bland pounced on her as she came out of the theatre, and her hood and wig fell off, and it wasn't an old candy woman at all, but the loveliest—"

"Where is she? What did you do with her?"

"Mlle. Bland whisked her out of the crowd and into her carriage so quickly that we were at her apartments in no time. Then we asked her if we might bring her to you, for Mlle. Bland was wild to have you see her and help us to prevail with her to give us a little of her confidence. But she just thanked us so quietly, and asked that we would place her in the care of a policeman."

"You don't mean to say you did it?"

"We couldn't help it. I tell you it wasn't possible to question or detain her."

"And that's all you know!" cried Mrs. Bird. "Well, I would never have let her off in that idiotic manner—never!"

"That's just why we wanted your help," said Arthur, looking at her despairingly. "You would have known how to find out all about it, and you would have been a friend to her."

A few days later Sophronia called on her aunt to say good-by; her class was disbanded, at least for the present, and she was going home. In vain did Mrs. Bird urge her to take a little rest, and consent to be her guest for at least a week or two before returning. Sophronia was firm, and at last confessed with a sudden burst of tears that she had been very homesick.

"Go home, then, darling," said Mrs. Bird, tenderly. "But really, Sophronia, you are so very unflinching and obstinate I don't understand why I can not be angry with you. I never knew anything like your obstinacy, except Mlle. Bland's mysterious old lady."

"Who is Mlle. Bland's mysterious old lady?" asked Sophronia, with some interest.

Then her aunt gave a spirited account of the affair. "And the worst of it is," she added, "Mr. Arthur Lynd has completely lost his heart to this provoking incognita, and I wanted him to lose it to you."

One day, about a month later, Arthur Lynd received a letter, which he read with apparent annoyance. "Just like my crabbed old uncle," he muttered. "As he particularly wishes it, I suppose I ought to go to him; but I shan't stay long unless he has some reason."

The "crabbed old uncle" did have some reason, which he made known very bluntly on the morning after his nephew's arrival.

"I've found a wife for ye, Arty," said he, crossing his knife and fork on his plate, and shoving himself away from the breakfast table.

"I'm in no hurry," said the young man, exerting some self-control.

"But I be," exclaimed his uncle. "Ef ye don't step lively, ye won't stan' no chance at all. She's bright as a star, as pooty as a posy, an' good as the anjils."

The old man's emotion was inexplicable to his nephew, but it prevented his making a light rejoinder, and piqued his curiosity. They walked out together, and the old man returned to the subject.

"Ye hain't ben here this dozen year, an' ef ye ever seed her, she wuz a chit ye wouldn't remember. D'ye see that leetle brown house yender jest by the turn o' the road? Wa'al, she lives there. Lemme tell ye what that gal done. Ye see, her folks got into trouble, an' I warn't good frens with 'em; but she cum over here ter me as white an' tremblin' as a lamb, an' yit as bold as a lion, an' she axed me ter lift the morgige an' make it easy for her father for a year, an' ef *he* didn't pay it up by then, *she* would, an', by gracious, my boy, the gal done it! She made me say I would, an' then she never cum near me as ef she wuz afeerd I'd need a leetle remindin'—not she; but she jest posted off to New York city, an' took a school."

At this point Arthur stopped walking, and turned toward his uncle, who stopped walking also, but hurried on speaking:

"An' she paid the hull thing, cleared off every cent o' debt from the farm! An' when she cum back I see her one day, an' I sez to her, sudden, 'Ye didn't do all that by teachin',' you'd orter seen the look she gin me. An' then I made her tell me how 'twas, arter she'd made *me* promise—an' she's a master-hand to get a promise out of a man—I'd never tell her parents on't. Wa'al, how do ye think she done it? She went to an actoress, a theatre woman, and got a disguise that made her look like an old woman, an' she larnt how to make all sorts o' candies, an' went onter the streets at night an' sold it like hot cakes— Why, what ails you? Are ye crazy?"

Arthur Lynd had seized the old man's hard brown hand in his supple white one, "an' gin me the toughest squeeze I ever had in my life," as the old man said afterward.

"What is her name?" cried Arthur.

"She's niece to that city woman, Mis' Bird. She's Dan'l Newcomb's darter, an' blest if she ain't too smart an' good an' harnsum to stay a Newcomb while there's any o' Stephen Billings's blood in—"

Arthur Lynd was yards off, on his way to Newcomb farm.

Stephen Billings crossed the Newcomb threshold for the first time in twenty years on the day of Sophronia's marriage to his nephew, which happy event came off in the autumn of that year. He announced then and there that the bride, to whom he had given a handsome marriage portion, would be his sole heir on one condition, which would be found mentioned in his will. And that same night he wrote, in his own cramped but plain and sturdy hand, at the end of his will:

"The above is to be carried out ekzackly as it is herein sot down, as bein' my last will and testymunt, on the sole condishun that Sophrony's fust darter shall be named Anna Green Lynd—sorry it can't be Billings. STEPHEN BILLINGS."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Wards in Chancery.—Madame Celeste.—Newspapers for Nothing.—Selling a Parliamentary Privilege.—A Persistent Suitor.—The Jealousy of the Pulpit.—Accommodation for Suicides.

THE divinity that was once thought to "hedge a king" is not nowadays much believed in, but it still lingers round a ward of the Court of Chancery. A young gentleman has just been sent to prison by one of her Majesty's judges for what seems the very venial offense of sending a valentine to a young lady in this position. Such conduct, it was held, was a misdemeanor—a contempt of court. If this be so, it must be dangerous indeed to indulge in a flirtation, however innocent, with such a protégée; and how is one to know whether a young lady to whom one may be casually introduced is a ward in Chancery? A lawyer tells me that the chief clerk may give permission to take such a young person in to supper, but not into the conservatory; but as his opinion was offered gratuitously, it is probably not worth much. As I go a great deal into society, and am much admired by the fair sex, I want to know about this. If a valentine is wrong, what *can* be admissible? I think that, in common fairness to the public, every ward of court who frequents ball-rooms should have an inscription prominently displayed upon her, setting forth what an exceptional position she occupies, and how dangerous it is to show her any attention, also the scale of charges for each offense: for being her *vis-à-vis* in a dance, a month's imprisonment as a second-class misdemeanant; for smiling at her "with significance," ditto, with hard labor; for a wink, twelve months, and life-long supervision of the police, etc., etc.

So poor dear Madame Celeste is dead! This sad news is mitigated to me from the circumstance that I thought she had died about ten years ago; but still I feel it. As a boy, she was my stage idol. How I loved her broken English! which, indeed, was a distinct advantage to her; it gave pathos to her melancholy, and tenderness to her love. What an angel she used to look in the *Green Bushes* (as Miami) among all those savages, and what a pretty contrast even compared with Messrs. Wright and Paul Bedford, who were not remarkable for personal beauty. The last thing I remember of the former actor was a joke by Albert Smith upon one of Trollope's early works—"*He Knew He was Right*, by the author of *He thought He was a Paul Bedford*." One of the most charming objects in the first Exhibition in Hyde Park was a set of pink egg-shell china, with "Purchased by Madame Celeste" upon it—a very characteristic piece of property. Those were her palmy days, when nothing was too good or too dear for her. I am afraid since that time she had other experiences. In America she was so popular that she had the rights of citizenship conferred upon her by the people, and confirmed by President Jackson. This was fifty years ago, and yet she only died this month! What a sad thing it must be to outlive a reputation, to know that one is forgotten by this world before one has entered into the other! Poor dear Miami!

This is certainly the age *par excellence* of advertisement. I see that the *Times* is advertised at a reduction of thirty-three per cent. after eight o'clock in the morning, and the advertiser will not only send you the *Times*, but something else with it (which perhaps you don't so much want), namely, a huge sheet of advertisements interpolated between the leaves. Similarly *Punch* and the illustrated papers are now sent to many of our clubs free, gratis, for nothing, but with advertisements between the pictures. One says to one's self, "How *can* it pay?" In publishing a book, one-third of the expense often consists in advertisements; and that is a bagatelle compared to the operation of billing the walls. The best book in the world, from a publisher's point of view, is, I am told, the London Post-office Directory; next to that, perhaps, Bradshaw's Railway Guide. If this system had been known in classic times, there would have been a Goddess of Advertising.

AN American friend of mine, who is exploring London in the exhaustive manner peculiar to your countrymen, found himself last week in Westminster Hall. He had been there before, and was well acquainted with the usual method of procuring a seat in the Strangers' Gallery of the House. His astonishment, therefore, was considerable upon being addressed by a person in seedy apparel, who inquired whether he would like to hear the debate. "I should indeed," he replied, "but I have no order." "Would you think fifteen shillings too much for an order?" inquired the other. On my friend's observing that it seemed a very reasonable charge, the man said, "Just wait here a bit," and in five minutes he brought him the required document, signed by an Irish member. It is possible, of course—though even in that case his conduct would be reprehensible—that the honorable member had made a present of it, but it is more probable that one of the stipendiaries of the Land League has adopted this novel method of adding to his income at the expense of the Saxon. When he comes to learn that he has mulcted an American, he will (perhaps) return the money.

Who *is* the individual who, "contrary to common-sense and propriety," *will* keep on sending valuable anonymous presents to that "very young lady in the north of England," and who is adjured to desist from so doing every morning in the second column of the *Times* newspaper? Is it possible that so presumably wealthy an individual only takes in a penny paper, and has never seen this advertisement? Would he go on sending "comfits and jewelry" if he knew that they had "never been used or accepted" by the very young lady, but were "invariably forwarded to a charitable institution"? For my part, when I send a present, I always adopt a precisely opposite course: it is never very valuable—who would prize a gift for its "mere worth"?—and it is never anonymous. It is one thing not to let your right hand know what your left hand does, and quite another to let somebody else get the credit of it in a left-handed manner.

Every one knows that it is injudicious in a curate to preach better than his rector, or, at all events, to draw larger congregations; and it is not only the clergy of the Established Church who are influenced by the jealousy of the pulpit. The Salvation Army itself, which has no benefices, no material aims, no self-seeking of any kind, is subject, it seems, to this little weakness. Lieutenant Medlyn, S. A., on service duty in Cornwall, has a great gift of tongues, or of tongue, which, since she is a female, is not unnatural, and has been attracting immense congregations. Her superior officer, Captain Williams, a male, is not so fortunate in this respect, and accordingly "dispensed with her services." She was commanded to "keep silence in the church," and, very much to her credit, she obeyed the injunction. But the congregation would not stand it. When she was beheld sitting silent in the gallery, while her rival mounted the pulpit, there were great cries of "Medlyn! Medlyn!" (though it was in fact the captain who was meddling), and a "scene of the greatest confusion" is described to have taken place. Finally, to the great scandal of the (Salvation) military world, the police had to be called in, whereupon the senior officer withdrew in dudgeon, leaving the possession of the field to his fair lieutenant. Let us hope this example will not be followed in "another place." Imagine such a dignitary as our Dean of Westminster attempting to address his flock amid cries of "Off! off!" and "Farrar! Farrar!" (a mere canon).

A number of folks have died suddenly at Monte Carlo this year from the excitement of the gaming-table; the doctors say from "apoplexy." Nobody, therefore, that is fat should play roulette; let him stick to lawn tennis. It is not only, however, natural deaths which are brought about by these same means; the amount of suicides is greatly increasing. These unhappy people, with characteristic disregard of the feelings of their neighbors, are also in the habit of making an end of themselves at the table itself; they lose their last stake, and then pistol themselves. In order to make provision for these accidents, I am credibly informed that trap-doors are now constructed in the principal room, down which the victims are lowered with great dispatch. You hear a shot, and perceive a commotion, but by the time you have reached the scene of the catastrophe there is nothing to look at but a servant mopping the floor. For my part I would rather "take my pleasure sadly" in our old insular way than experience these violent delights. Think of a club whist table with four trap-doors round it, and one's partner gone like a Jack-in-the-box!

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE TROUT DISPLAY.

WITH the 1st of April spring fish come into the New York market. Nature in some cases establishes a certain periodicity in the appearance of fish, for in the North River the first shad is generally caught on St. Patrick's Day. To the public, then somewhat tired of their regimen of cod, haddock, and halibut, the brook trout is one of the forerunners of that great feast of fishes which our rivers and seas provide. As quite stringent laws protect the catching of the brook trout before the 1st of April, their entrance on that great bill of fare consumed by New-Yorkers is made into a gala day, most especially by Fulton Market.

On the present occasion, the display of trout, which was the finest ever seen, was notably enhanced by the opening of one of the new sides of the market, this portion having been completed just in time for the opening.

It should be remembered that the artificial culture of brook trout in the United States led to that great advance we have made in the science of fish-culture, and that from the study given to the fertilization and rearing of the trout all the wonderful results of fish-culture, such as the propagation of the marine fauna, owe their origin. Aside, then, from the great interest anglers take in brook trout, because by means of fish-culture their streams can be populated, the question becomes other than that of amusement, and has to do with the food of the people.

In the display made by MR. E. G. BLACKFORD, one of the New York State Fish Commissioners, in Fulton Market, were trout coming from all parts of the United States and Canada. Very conspicuous were the beautiful fish grown and marketed by the South Side Club of Long Island. This angling association is certainly most successful in raising trout, for it not only permits its members to catch quite as many fish as they

want, but it also will dispose of some 3500 pounds of trout this season. Its total yield will be for this year something over four tons of brook trout.

Long Island possesses certain advantages, from the nature of its streams and from the facility the trout have in procuring their food, which render trout-raising in its waters by no means a difficult task. The Long Island display was a remarkably fine one, including trout from the South Side Club, fish raised by J. Rackrow, of Forest Meadow, by the Suffolk Club, C. Raynor, of Freeport, and by W. H. Robinson, of Patchogue. The California trout lately introduced into Eastern waters was fully represented by fish sent by Mr. Livingston Stone from the McCloud River, and by specimens of the rainbow or "Dolly Varden" and Humboldt River trout, forwarded by Mr. B. B. Redding, the Fish Commissioner of California. Fish from all the New England States and Pennsylvania were shown. There is a special feature about these shows which is beyond that of mere display. An endeavor is made to educate the public in fish-culture. On Mr. Blackford's stand were presented all the various stages of hatching the eggs of the salmon, and the young fish of various stages of development were exhibited. Among the new fish was a carp weighing three and three-quarter pounds, which, derived from the government ponds in Washington, and weighing but a few ounces then, had grown to this large size in twenty-two months.

As to the beauty of the trout, tastefully arranged on the marble slabs, or swimming about in aquaria, was added a wealth of flowers, the fish stands presented a most handsome appearance. Other fine displays were made in Fulton and Washington markets.

FRUIT OR FLOWER.

When orchards smile, and our gardens bloom
In rainbow beauty from day to day,
And verdant leaflet and nodding plume
Keep time to music the breezes play,
How sweet the bower
When sun and shower
Unfold the bud and reveal the flower!

Along the meadows in gleaming lines
From year to year is the promise writ;
Tassels and tendrils of clinging vines
Are never weary proclaiming it;
As bells in the tower
Toll forth the hour,
They herald the fruit that follows the flower.

We may watch and wait, but can hasten not
The sweet fruition our hearts desire,
Nor gather the grape or the apricot
Until they are fed with the noonday fire:
Though the fields we scour,
We have no power
To harvest the fruit that is still in flower.

But when the orchards are pink and white,
And all the meadows are green and gay,
In the promise given we take delight,
And breathe the fragrance that comes in May,
Nor ask for the dower
Of a riper hour,
For the perfect fruit in the time of flower.

Josephine Pollard.

A CATERPILLAR PROCESSION.

Driving in spring through the forest skirting the Mediterranean between Mentone and the Cap St. Martin (says a writer in *Land and Water*), I was surprised while meditating on the lovely scenery by a sudden movement of my coachman, who had turned aside as if to avoid something in the road. I immediately looked out to ascertain the cause, and perceived what I took to be a piece of rope lying across the road, and reaching from the bank on my right about half-way across. To my surprise, however, I discovered that it was moving, and jumping out, I proceeded to examine the mysterious object. It proved to be neither more nor less than a long string of caterpillars compactly united, the head of each being closely fixed beneath the tail of the one which preceded him. There was a slight variation in their sizes, and they averaged about two inches in length, and were marked with dark red stripes from head to tail, and covered with a fine down or fur.

I counted the creatures, and found there were one hundred and twenty-six. They appeared perfectly earnest and steady in their purpose, and were very deliberately bent on crossing the road toward the sea. Examining the ground in front of them, I found evident traces of a pioneer that had preceded the colony, and marked out the track they were following, which I observed was not only diagonal to the line of the road, but very irregular. As I stood there watching their progress it came into my head to bother them, and see how they would re-adjust themselves. I therefore removed one from the middle. No sooner was this done than there appeared in the advance section the utmost consternation: the whole number in front of the gap came to a dead stand-still. But what surprised and puzzled me most was the extraordinary rapidity with which the intelligence that something was wrong had been telegraphed along the line to head-quarters, supposing the foremost was the head; but I could not make up my mind about this, as I began to think, from the persistence with which the party in the rear pushed on in spite of the interruption, that the whole rank and file were driven rather than led.

The process, however, by which those in front were stopped was distinct and unmistakable. No sooner had the centre caterpillar been taken away than, quick as thought, along the whole line, each instantly drew his head from beneath the tail of the one that preceded him, and wagged it to and fro, so that the chain, just before so firmly knit, was now altogether disconnected, and the whole of that portion of the column remained motionless, as if suddenly paralyzed. Meantime, as the rear kept pushing on up to the point where the line was broken, and those immediately behind the gap had one after another ceased to advance, they soon got into the most complete confusion, conglomerating, as it were, and riding over one another in a heap.

I now restored the missing one to his place behind the foremost section, when, as soon as his head had found its way to the tail of the one that preceded him, he in like manner began to push on his comrade, and as if by one magic stroke all simultaneously recovered the original order of march, and began to advance once more as if nothing had happened. The second division had been making desperate efforts to right themselves, which at length resulted in getting themselves into order, and were recommencing their interrupted march, when a carriage came driving past.

As the road was wide, and they were not yet more than three-parts across it, the driver (like my own) made a detour to avoid them, and succeeded; but shortly after, a second vehicle reaching the spot, and the procession being now well across the road, it had no choice but to drive on, and though they escaped the horse, two of the four wheels went over them. These must have been very narrow, for to my surprise, on approaching to estimate the mischief, I found only two and a half of the colonists had been slain. I say "half" advisedly, for the half that was not crushed—and it was the headless half too—remained not only alive and moving, but conscious, for there could be no mistake about the efforts it made to join itself on to the head of a companion, and thus re-unite the line which was now disturbed for the second time. The rest were eagerly anxious to re-form the file, and I saw them, in response to the movements made by the fragment of the crushed caterpillar, come up to his tail and attempt to push on; but finding he did not advance, each in turn retreated and sought to find another leader.

As I now left them entirely to their own devices, some time elapsed before they succeeded in recovering their order and re-establishing a line, and as the van-guard had gone on, they were now a considerable distance in advance. The rear-guard now started afresh, and on its own separate responsibility; but when they came to the spot where their dead comrades lay, they made a divergence in order to avoid passing over it, and I left them proceeding in two distinct columns.

It is difficult to account for the forbearance of the two local drivers who so carefully spared the emigrants, as there is all over France a very severe edict out against these creatures, the mischief they do to forest trees being of the most serious character. I remember not long ago seeing, near Suze la Rousse, in the Var, a very remarkable instance of this. It was on a beautifully situated property, the ownership of which was in dispute, owing to some informality in the will of the last proprietor, and in consequence of this not only the grand old dwelling-house—a veritable château of the olden type—but the land and timber were going to ruin. The pine forests were literally pining away under the depredations of these caterpillars, which, taking a mean advantage of the neglect, had completely possessed themselves of the place, and colonized it. Nearly every tree had been brought into use by these enterprising settlers that had deliberately established there their huge and singular nests. These have the appearance of an oval ball of cotton-wool as large as the two fists of a man, and they seem as if suspended from the branches; each nest contains from 100 to 150, and even more, of these caterpillars, and at a certain season of the year they quit the nest, and travel considerable distances. Like other caterpillars, they go through the grub, chrysalis, and moth phases, and as they produce large quantities of eggs, it is of no small importance to the agriculturist to destroy them under whatever form they can be found. Every tree on which they had built was withered and leafless, and, it is said, after a time will perish.

NATIONAL ACADEMY PICTURES.

"The Neighbors," is the title of one of Mr. J. G. Brown's pictures in the present Academy exhibition, which, together with Mr. A. C. Howland's "Bargaining for a Calf," has been engraved for this issue, and is given on page 228. We have no more popular artist in America than Mr. J. G. Brown. He is more certain of his audience, and more direct in his appeal to it, than any other. In his choice and treatment of subject he is invariably happy, and the wholesome sentiment which his pictures disclose is always frank and genuine in its quality. His street boys of New York, with their humors and vicissitudes, are known from one end of the country to the other, and esteemed for their strong characterization and their literal and simple truth. The picture above alluded to belongs to a class of character studies of rare strength and distinctness of execution. Mr. Brown has achieved his best work in this direction, striking no uncertain notes, but always producing a complete and effective piece of *genre* portraiture.

Mr. Howland's "Bargaining for a Calf" is a capital bit of landscape work, but is specially noteworthy for the admirable humor and effectiveness of the figures, and the piquant and forcible touches of character that they are made to reveal.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is announced that a free lunch in Pensacola consists of soup made of 270-pound turtles; but until the railroad war breaks out again, and involves lines running to Florida, economy will dictate a pursuance of the established east-side routes on the part of the majority here to whom the announcement may be a matter of passing interest.

In order to check the influx of paupers and criminals as immigrants at this port, the Commissioners of Emigration have instituted a system of inspection to be pursued in the steerage of each transatlantic steam-ship on her arrival. There is no certainty that it will not be necessary to extend this inspection into the second and first cabins, since there are cities in Europe—Naples, for instance—that would doubtless find it for their profit to continue getting rid of their paupers and criminals even at the expense of a first-cabin passage to America for each.

Yellow Easter-eggs were the favorites with the æsthetes. The rank and file, however, had to put up with those to which salt had imparted the color of a bruised lily, and which were shipped from the great West last fall.

According to a frontier authority, an Indian is classed as friendly when he prefers that the pale-face should get him drunk rather than that he should take the pale-face's scalp.

An obituary observation of the New Orleans *Picayune* regarding a deceased contemporary might be applied with equal taste, the tenses being changed, to many publications which have not yet ceased to be. The remark was: "It did not in reality come up to what it said of itself."

According to a Boston newspaper, the delegation of Zuñi Indians who have lately been visiting the East regarded the white men of that city as demigods. It is generally acknowledged that a demigod stands scarcely lower than a demijohn in the esteem of the average red man.

All-fools' Day fell on the Jewish Sabbath this year, and on that day an old gentleman was observed standing in front of the closed door of one of the more devout Hebrew shop-keepers of the east side, muttering his perplexity upon finding the store closed.

"Why, don't yer know, this is April-fool's Day," said an urchin, by way of explanation.

The troubled look departed from the old gentleman's face, and he said, "Yes, yes; how stupid of me not to think of it!"

The people's ticket in the recent municipal election in Jacksonville, Florida, was headed by Mr. Dzialynski—a name hard to beat.

When the recent inundation had put nearly all of Morgan City under water, a patriotic resident, writing from a projecting eminence, alluded to his town as "the temporary Venice of the New World."

A writer in the London *Times* claims to have satisfied himself that "a tendency to criminality is often associated with short-sightedness." A like tendency, it may be observed, is frequently associated with long-fingeredness.

Western journals allow their correspondents in Washington a latitude of expression which is denied to most representatives of the metropolitan press at the capital. The following from a paper printed in the West will illustrate: "Shortly after two this afternoon the Senate was startled by a wild inhuman cry, and there followed a medley of piercing shrieks and howls, of a variety never before heard in the Senate. The spectators, who were at first appalled by the noise, soon learned that there was no real danger. The cause of the uproar was the earnest effort of Senator —— to convey to the Senate the idea that he was opposed to the Tariff Commission Bill."

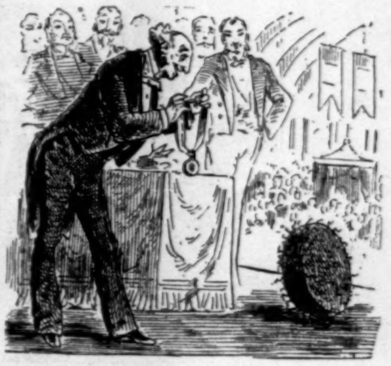
The story of the fish-woman who was silenced by heaping geometrical epithets upon her is surpassed by that which recently came from a Brooklyn police court. A woman had been arrested for disorderly conduct, and on the record of arrests was written after the name which she had given, "probably fictitious." Her case having been disposed of, she demanded a warrant for the arrest of the slanderer who had put her down as probably a fictitious woman. She demonstrated to the Court that no such imputation could be justly put upon her, and it required the utmost perseverance in argument, and the use of an unabridged dictionary, to persuade her to abandon her purpose to recover damages.

On account of the national interest manifested in "Jumbo," we presume the "British Lion" is for the time forgotten, and we therefore suggest the above as the most appropriate coat-of-arms for England.—*London Fun.*

The well-remembered song in *Pinafore*, "For he might have been a Roossian," etc., has moved a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* to doubt whether Mr. W. S. Gilbert really originated the idea of that funny anthem. Almost its counterpart may be found in some religious verses quoted in the *Life of Rev. Elias Smith*, the reputed founder of the sect called "Christians." The reverend author cites the first two stanzas of a hymn, and states that he selected it to be sung at his own baptism in 1789. They are as follows:

"Blest be my God that I was born
To hear the joyful sound;
That I was born to be baptized
Where Gospel truths abound.

"I might have been a pagan born,
Or else a veilèd Jew.
Or cheated with an Alcoran,
Among the Turkish crew."



A PRIZE CHEESE.

The first prize at a County Fair having been awarded to a fine specimen of gruyères, it ran across the room, of its own accord, to receive it.

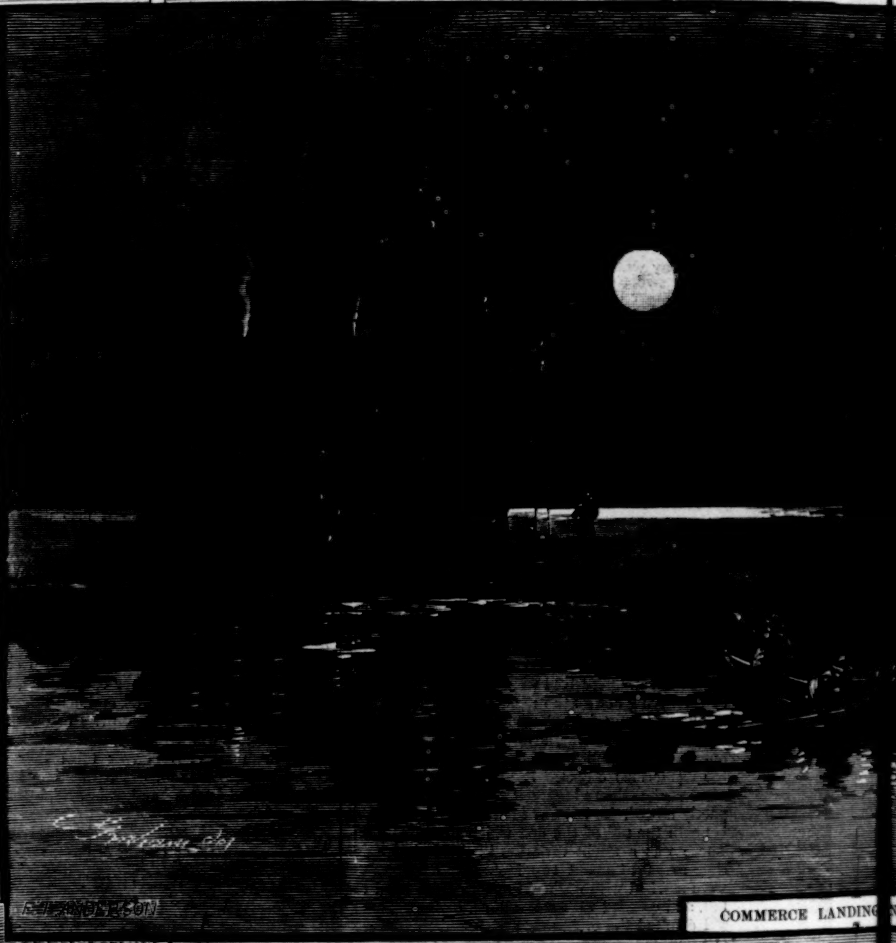
Following cabbages and potatoes we have butter from the old country. One hundred firkins were received in New York the other day from Holstein, and sold for forty-five and forty-six cents—about one cent higher than the best American article.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

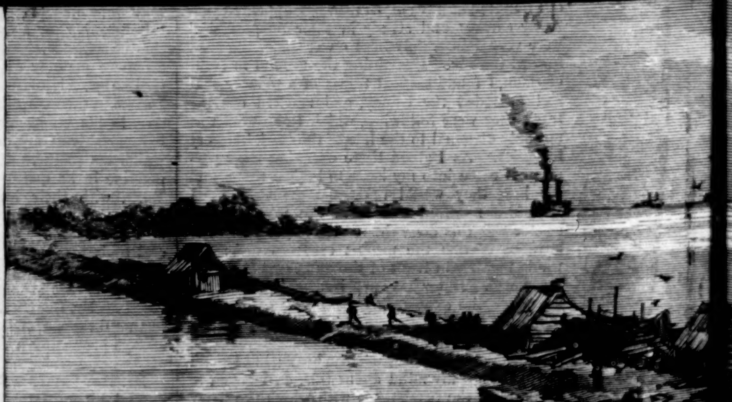
PLANTATION UNDER WATER AT SILVER LAKE, MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER

"FO' DE LOR'S SAKE, MASS' CAP'N, TAKE US OUT'N HYAH!"

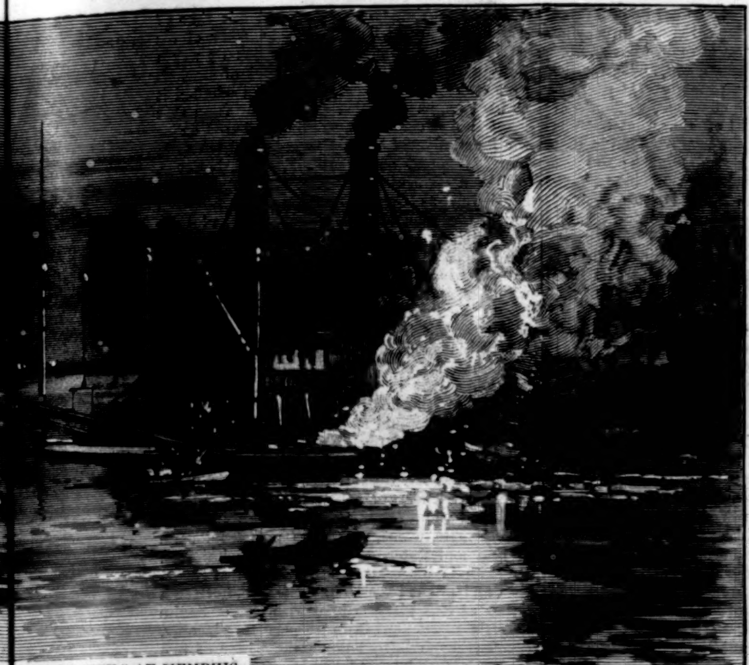

COMMERCE LANDING

ON THE MISSISSIPPI, NEAR CAT-FISH BEND.



VILLAGE OF HUTS ON THE

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—Drawn by C. Graham, from Sket



ER "GOLDEN CITY," AT MEMPHIS.

HARBERT'S PLANTATION, NEAR HELENA.

ING NEAR MEMPHIS.

"A-N-Y P-A-P-E-R-S?"

THE E AT ALSATIA, LOUISIANA.

VILLAGE NEAR GRAYVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

KET S BY H. J. Lewis, F. T. Anderson, and M. Hattes.—[See Page 236.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FOREBODING.

The council of three below-stairs had meanwhile met in high debate. Gerald's letter was read and re-read, and passed from one to the other, like some bomb-shell dug up by peaceful excavators, who do not know if it is loaded or not. Had Gerald really the power to hurt his sister, and if so, in what way? was, of course, the question under discussion. What his words seemed to point to—vague in all but their deep significance of menace—was a retraction of his previous story about the clock, which, if disproved, would replace Clare in the position she occupied before he told it, *i. e.*, as a partner in the firm of Fibbert & Lyster for the current year, and answerable for all their debts. It could not, however, place her affairs *in statu quo*, since twenty thousand pounds of hers had been already disbursed in settling the claims of her father's estate; any such retraction would therefore involve incalculable complications, out of which would come only one thing—certain ruin. It was true, as Herbert had put it to her, no judge and jury would be likely to believe Gerald affirming upon oath the falsehood of his own previous statement. But suppose Clare should believe him? In that case they felt that she would be only too resolute to make all restitution in her power, to the uttermost farthing of her means, to those she had never wronged. On the other hand, it was quite possible that Gerald had hit upon some scheme of extortion, of which they could predicate nothing save that it would be fraudulent and malicious.

"If he did not fancy Clare was under his thumb in some way," observed Mr. Oldcastle, thoughtfully, and after much discussion, "he would not have sent Rachel to her in the first place, or showed his hand so plainly."

"I suppose," mused Herbert, "he could be taken up on the charge of having attempted Rachel's life, just as though the offense had been committed yesterday."

"No doubt," assented Mr. Oldcastle.

"Then he trusts, as before, that our desire to spare the family disgrace will leave him harmless, as well as free to treat his unhappy wife exactly as he pleases," observed Herbert. "Upon my life, he will find himself mistaken. It seems to me there is nothing left to us but, having our foot upon this reptile once again, to stamp him out."

"It is probable, my dear Herbert, that he already credits us with that intention," remarked Mr. Oldcastle, coolly. "What he says to himself is, 'These people (meaning his friends and relations), having so strong an interest in putting me in prison, will not now dare to do so; any criminal proceedings taken against me—especially after so considerable an interval—will look uncommonly bad for them in case of any civil action being instituted against them in which I am the chief and only witness.'"

"Nevertheless, as I am a witness also of his endeavor to drown his wife, I shall meet him at Southampton with a warrant," observed Herbert, firmly.

"Perhaps his wife will not prosecute," suggested the lawyer. "As a rule, wives don't think much of a husband's first attempt to murder them."

"Rachel will prosecute," returned Herbert, confidently. "She has her child to protect as well as herself."

"We must let things take their course," continued Mr. Oldcastle, after a long pause, "and act as seems best when the occasion arrives. We can not provide against a peril the nature of which is unknown to us; the very precautions we may take may make things worse. My advice is to let matters take their course for the present."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed the little old lady, fairly breaking down for the first time, "what a blow this is to everything! It was only yesterday that Clare and I were planning to go to the Isle of Wight, where Herbert was to come down to us; and then, after a few weeks, he would have made my darling the happiest woman in the world; but now—but now—"

"Take her to the Isle of Wight all the same, Miss Darrell. Let everything go on as before, until we see some definite object to grapple with. Come, come, you must not give way," continued the lawyer, encouragingly. "If you had had as much to do with scoundrels as I have, you would be of better cheer. The advantage they have over honest folks in some respects is often more than counterbalanced by their short-sighted recklessness: one false step, and down they come."

At this moment Clare and Rachel made their appearance. In the latter's presence it was felt by all, notwithstanding that her sympathies were with them, that the subject under discussion could be pursued no farther. Miss Darrell welcomed Mrs. Gerald Lyster with a cordiality that at once set her at her ease. She had not been very favorably disposed toward that young woman, but her promptness in coming to town to warn Clare of her danger had touched the old lady; the conviction, too, that she must wish Gerald hung at least as sincerely as she (Miss Darrell) did, tended doubtless to increase her good-will.

So occupied had been her mind with Clare's affairs that not till her eye met the vacant place at the luncheon table did the hostess remember that another guest should have been present.

"Why, dear me! where is Mrs. Fibbert?"

Clare offered some explanation, which, though of course it was accepted, did not tend to decrease the embarrassment of the little party, who were all thinking upon a subject on which they were tongue-tied.

They had hardly sat down before there was a double knock at the front door, which electrified poor Miss Darrell, made Clare turn pale, and caused Rachel to rise from her chair with clasped hands, as though an ogre had called for her baby.

It struck all three women that the new arrival was Gerald himself. It was not, indeed, the 10th of September, or anything near it; but happy are they who have never feared the impossible; moreover, as Miss Darrell afterward pleaded, "Would it not have been just like him to give a false date?"

If it had been Gerald, he could hardly have been less expected than the visitor in question, who turned out to be no other than Mr. Augustus Roden.

"Oh, if they are just sitting down to luncheon, my good girl," they heard him say to the parlor-maid in the passage, with even more than his usual suavity, "I'll walk in;" and he did so.

At first Miss Darrell was inclined to be "put out," but her fine sense of humor came to her rescue. The idea of this artificial creature looking in at such a time of general perplexity and embarrassment struck her as exquisitely ridiculous; at the same moment she caught a responsive twinkle in Herbert's eyes, which informed her that he too appreciated the situation.

"Now I call this charming—perfectly charming!" observed Mr. Roden, kissing his hand to the company by way of general salutation. "Here is not only my dear old friend Miss What's-her-name, whom I expected to see, but also my excellent friend Newcastle. As to dearest Clare and Herbert, I rather thought where one was to be found, the other would not be far off; that in their case I should kill two birds with one stone—shall I say," he added, in a sly whisper, "love-birds?"

"My dear sir, do pray take a seat," exclaimed Miss Darrell; "there is a vacant one."

"So I perceive," said Mr. Roden, with dignity. You see, he could not understand how anybody could possibly wish to cut short his elaborate observations, and it must be confessed that Miss Darrell's impatience was rather marked. "There is one young lady present," he continued, with gentle gravity, "whose face I recognize (as who could fail to do, so who had once seen it?), but whose name I fail to recall." Poor Rachel blushed crimson. Her position had hitherto been far from comfortable, but to have public attention called to her in this way was to the last degree disconcerting. She did not know, of course, that Mr. Roden had had his attention drawn to her when working at the mill, nor, indeed, had she the slightest notion as to who he was.

"That is Mrs. Gerald Lyster," explained Miss Darrell, blandly.

"To be sure; dear Gerald's wife. Where it is that I have seen you, madam, has escaped my memory, but I am glad indeed of this opportunity of making your acquaintance. Your husband is still abroad, I believe?"

"Yes, he is still abroad, sir."

"He must find attractions there indeed to keep him from home," said Mr. Roden, with a glance round the table as he sat down, to call the general attention to his pretty compliment. "He is staying somewhere on the Continent, no doubt; the sunny plains of France, the vines of Italy, or (less known but equally attractive) the ancient splendors of Spain are, perhaps, the excuse for his absence. For my part, I never feel so much at home (if I may say so without an Irish bull, or, more elegantly, a Hibernianism) as when I am abroad. What an excellent galantine, my dear Miss Darrell!"

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Augustus Roden's presence that afternoon (which, moreover, did not endure for long, for he very judiciously took his departure, cigar in mouth, immediately after his meal) was felt as a relief rather than otherwise. The listening to his honeyed speeches, which resembled those of a judge whose salary depended upon the suffrages of his jury, absolved the little party from talking among themselves; and it was felt by all that silence was far preferable to talk as regarded the subject they had in their minds. As for Miss Darrell, it was not till Rachel and her child had been dispatched to Stokeville, and Herbert and Mr. Oldcastle had departed arm in arm together to the former's lodgings (there to discuss the dangers of the future), that she began to draw her natural breath.

"Oh, my darling! What a morning this has been!" she cried, throwing her arms around Clare's neck. "To think that you should have had to 'do the civil'—a vulgar phrase, I own, but nothing else adequately expresses it—to Mildred and Mr. Roden all these hours with a heart so heavy with woe! But Mr. Oldcastle says we are not to despair, but to look on the bright side of things, to go down to Niton just as we proposed, and to enjoy ourselves as if nothing had happened."

"I don't despair, Nannie," answered Clare, gently. "I should be ungrateful indeed to despair when Herbert has behaved so—oh, so nobly, and loves me so." Here she broke down a little, for certain words of her lover at parting had melted her tender heart. "But of course it's a great disappointment to me, though not, the dear fellow says, to him, that I shall come to him without a penny."

"Why should you be without a penny?" inquired Miss Darrell, sharply.

"Well, supposing Gerald comes to unsay all he has said before, I shall, of course, give up the money. That will be but justice."

"Indeed! Then why did you give it up in the first instance?"

"Because, supposing Gerald's account to have been a correct one, the law demanded it."

"Oh, then you wish to satisfy justice and law both, do you? That is what I call serving God and Mammon. Now just consider what this comes to when carried out to its logical end. In obeying the law, as you call it, you gave up what seemed to be a most profitable investment, and out of the money thus realized very properly paid your father's debts; but in now obeying the dictates of justice, as you call it, and offering what remains to you to the credit of the firm, you forget that you owe them twice or thrice as much; the rest has been spent in paying those same debts."

"I see," sighed Clare: "it was very foolish of me not to see it before. I am not only a debtor, but a bankrupt."

"I did not tell you that, my darling, you may be assured, in order to cast you down," said Miss Darrell, earnestly. "I lay the plain facts of the case before you simply to show that mere sentiment can not shape them into smoothness. Even if you give up your all, without a struggle, at the summons of this perjured scoundrel—for, of course, we shall dare him to do his worst—you will have still not paid your debts, nor anything like it."

"I shall have paid all I can of them, Nannie. More than that is out of my power; less than that I hope you do not expect of me."

"There is one thing I don't expect of you, Clare, and that is, one pennyworth of common-sense. If all honest people were like you, the world would be the prey of knaves and scoundrels. Upon my word, you seem to me to court extortion. May I ask, have you already given instructions to Mr. Oldcastle to sell out your little fortune, and to pay it over to the creditors of the firm as an installment—only as an installment, mind—or are you going to wait till they make a formal application for it *per* Mr. Gerald Lyster?"

"Don't be angry with me, Nannie," pleaded Clare, gently. "One can only act, you know, according to one's lights. I have done nothing, and mean to do nothing, till I know what is my real position. It is quite possible, as Herbert says, that we may all be wrong in this hypothesis of ours. Gerald may have some other scheme, which will break down on examination. It is no use making ourselves miserable beforehand, and indeed I am very far from miserable. I should be almost happy, Nannie," she added, slyly, "if you didn't look quite so cross."

"Should you really?" exclaimed the old lady, naively. "Well, I am only cross upon your account, my darling. It makes me mad to see you so submissive. Not one syllable have you uttered yet against this villain, who, not content with ruining your fortunes once, now threatens to do so a second time."

"After all, Nannie, he is my father's son."

"Then say something, for goodness gracious sake! against Sir Peter, against Percy, against Mildred; do, just for once, show yourself somebody's enemy but your own."

"I have too many friends to think of my enemies," answered Clare, laughing, and beginning to count on her fingers. "There's Herbert and you, Nannie; Rachel, Mr. Oldcastle, Dr. Dickson—come, there's a smile at last."

"My darling, I should always smile," said Miss Darrell, tenderly, "if I could see *you* smile. Now we will make a treaty. I, on my part, will cease to reproach you for your Quixotic notions if you, on yours, will promise to put Gerald and all his wicked works for the next week out of your head. Let us go down to the Fair Island the day after to-morrow, as we promised ourselves to do before these evil tidings reached us, with a determination to enjoy ourselves and to make dear Herbert's well-earned holiday a pleasant one. Unless your face is bright, remember there will be no sunshine for him."

So, smiling through her tears, Clare gave the required promise, and, so far as in her lay, she kept it on her journey to the "Fair Island" and afterward. Only, notwithstanding her sweet, cheerful looks (as the fair lily roots in the river mud), lay deep down in her heart despondency and darkling fears. If what she dreamed should really come to pass, her path in life, that had seemed so fair with flowers, would be choked with mud indeed.

"I am not only, then, a debtor, but a bankrupt," was the self-made reflection that was continually recurring to her.

Her lover, it is true, was as willing to take her even thus, as though she had been an heiress; but her pride, though it did not say him nay, was wounded to the quick, and revolted, as it were, against herself.

CHAPTER L.

THE LOSS OF THE "PHŒNIX."

Gerald Lyster had landed at New York but a few months ago, in quite a prosperous condition; that is to say, with a well-filled purse, and prepared, free from all encumbrances, such as wife and child, to begin the world anew. But while looking about for an investment he had been persuaded, without much pressing, to take a hand or two, with some choice spirits, at a game called "poker," with the most unfortunate results. To such straits, indeed, had he been reduced by ill luck, and an extra ace or two among his companions, that there is no knowing to what temptation he might have been exposed, or whether in the end he might not have been driven to downright dishonest courses for a livelihood, but for the news of the failure of Fibbert & Lyster, which chanced to meet his eye in a New York newspaper of ancient date. Succinct and bald as was the style in which the statement was conveyed, it is not too much to say that it affected him more than the most touching poem or divinest melody have ever done or could do. It awoke within him all the associations of home, and filled him with penitence and such a thirst to make amends for his wrong-doing as was not to be assuaged till he had gratified it or received some adequate compensation.

It is betraying no confidence at this time of day to acknowledge that Gerald's story of his having seen his father put the clock on was a pure invention. Originally the work of Mr. Percy Fibbert's imagination, Gerald had adopted it as his own, on condition of receiving from that gentleman a certain check which labored under the imputation of being a forgery, and ten good hundred-pound notes, two of which, however, had been confiscated for Mrs. G.'s maintenance. Sensitively as Gerald felt his obligations all round, the remembrance of how he had been compelled by Herbert to disgorge that sum, for the benefit of so uninteresting a subject as a wife of whom one has got tired, weighed most with him, and filled him with the keenest yearning to see justice done. He disliked Clare exceedingly, but his present exultation at finding her at his mercy was immensely heightened by his knowledge of Herbert's love for her, and the conviction that in putting the screw on, as he termed the putting his intentions toward her into effect, he would squeeze his thumbs as well as hers with every turn of it.

It must not be supposed, though he had some defects, that Mr. Gerald Lyster was without his personal friends. He had made acquaintance on board the *Phœnix* with Mr. John Bute, the second mate, which, under the genial influence of rum and water, soon ripened into intimacy. Mr. Bute in his early years had lived at Stokeville, and might have lived there still, but for a rather serious disagreement with one of Squire Farrer's myrmidons with respect to poaching, which (though he got much the better of him at the time, and, indeed, left him for dead) compelled him to fly the place, and eventually his native land. Since then he had followed the marine profession, and quite as much from his recklessness and daring as from his scientific proficiency had attained his present position. The name of Lyster was, of course, familiar to him, and the information, derived from Gerald himself, that that gentleman was returning home to claim a large amount of personal property at present unjustly withheld from him, but for the establishment of his right to which he had ample proofs, gave him a strong interest in his young friend. Gerald, too, perceived the advantage of having a bold fellow who would stick at nothing as his confederate in future proceedings, so that their friendship was soon cemented. After a certain amount of grog consumed in Mr. Bute's hospitable cabin, Gerald would even wring his hand, and, with tears in his eyes, would protest that when he came to have his own again the other should never be in want of a "fiver."

Even if he had not been the "boss" of the ship, Captain Ragge would have been a man of mark there or anywhere else. He had considerable insight into character, was of dauntless courage, and could effect wonders with what seemed very insufficient materials. But for this last attribute—and indeed perhaps but for the two last—he could never have sailed the *Phœnix*, as he had done, six times across the Atlantic and back. Besides himself, the second mate was the only officer who had served in her before, and who knew her defects. She was not, indeed, a coffin ship; her owners had no intention of having her cast away and scuttled (though, if such a misfortune should have occurred, there were circumstances in connection with an institution known as "Lloyds" which would have mitigated their grief), but she was ill found, badly manned, and creaky. Why so able a seaman as Captain Ragge stuck to such a craft was a matter of astonishment to those who did not know what he was paid for it. He was one of those men to whom great risks, if not absolutely attractive, weigh very little in comparison with great gains paid in ready money. But, for all that, the captain was always well pleased to sight land on either side of the Atlantic, and to feel that for that voyage at least the *Phœnix* had escaped from Davy's locker.

On this occasion she had come across with fair winds and made an unusually quick passage, until off the south coast of England she was overtaken by a southwester. They had no pilot on board as yet—it was not the habit of the *Phœnix* to signal for pilots until she stood in actual need of them—but even when black night came on, and the gale increased to something like a hurricane, and the old *Phœnix* groaned and cracked and sped before the wind, refusing to answer her helm, Captain Ragge knew very well where he was going. He knew, for example, that she was going ashore somewhere on the Isle of Wight. "It is that infernal No. 13," he said to himself, thinking of her past voyages, "that will prove the unlucky one." His private impression was that this time he would not enjoy that big "drink" which was the first enjoyment he always afforded himself on the other side; for, though he never touched a dram on board ship, Captain Ragge on land was a habitual drunkard.

His conviction of what was about to happen, however, in no way interfered with the performance of his professional duties. He gave his orders upon the wave-swept deck, above the roar of wind and sea, as coolly as though his ship was being warped into St. Katharine's Docks. There was just light enough to show the land, though not distinctly; it looked like a high cloud, with filmy breaks and ridges; and the white-tipped waters roared below the bows of the ship told of unseen dangers. Suddenly there was a frightful crash, which shook the *Phœnix* from stem to stern, and then another and another. She had struck twice upon a reef, and broken, not, indeed, her back, but what to a steamship is her backbone, the main-shaft.

The engine, however, would have been useless in any case, for the waves, pouring in through

many a rift and seam, soon put the fires out. To add to the horrors of the moment, the stays of the ponderous chimney had given way, and after swaying twice or thrice like a drunken man it fell obliquely across the poop and starboard quarter, carrying away a great portion of the bulwarks. Had not the ship been elevated by the reef itself the waves would have overwhelmed her there and then; but, as it was, her destruction was delayed, or rather prolonged, a little. "Lower the long-boat for the women," rang out the captain's voice through his trumpet, and an attempt to obey his order was gallantly made. The captain himself superintended operations, holding fast to the rigging with one hand, and with a revolver in the other. This last circumstance, notwithstanding many other distracting incidents, did not escape the notice of Mr. Gerald Lyster, who resented it exceedingly. That the long-boat should be lowered for the passengers, for whose safety the captain was presumably responsible, was only an act of duty on his part, and one which had Gerald's warmest approval. But that politeness to females—a mere conventional caprice at best—should be adhered to in such a moment of peril, and when "The devil take the hindmost" was the only adage that could be suitably applied to the position of affairs, struck him as most ridiculous and disgusting. The crew, of course, were bound to stick to their vessel, with the exception of those hands who were necessary for the navigation of the boat; but surely a young gentleman with great expectations, like himself, was not to be left out of the first boat-load for the sake of a parcel of women!

Notwithstanding the lurching of the deck, and the floods of water that traversed it, Gerald felt he could have got into that long-boat *somehow*, and without two sailors to help him, as was the case with each drenched and tottering female—a circumstance, moreover, which wasted precious time, and placed one invaluable life at least in greater peril every instant. And yet that hateful revolver in the captain's hand seemed to fascinate Gerald's eye and paralyze his movements. At one time, indeed, thinking the women had all been lowered into the boat, he had made a desperate rush from the spot where he had huddled under the bulwarks, but the strident voice of Captain Ragge, with its "Ladies first, you beggar!" accompanied by an injurious epithet and a quick movement of the pistol toward his head, had sent him to his corner again. There he lay shivering, till a voice whispered in his ear, "Come with me, man; I have got a boat," which sounded like an angel's whisper.

That there were not enough boats for the conveyance of the ship's company to shore, even if they could get there, Gerald had a shrewd suspicion, which made the question of precedence of more importance than even etiquette has any conception of. The suggestion of John Bute (for from him it came) struck him as one of the happiest that had ever occurred to mortal mind; and, following this messenger of glad tidings, he crept forward upon hands and knees to the bows, under shelter of which a small boat, with a man in it holding on to a rope, was tossing and plunging. It was already half filled with water, and presented anything but an alluring prospect; the bowl of the wise men of Gotham might almost have been its prototype; yet, on the other hand, the distance to land was but a few hundred yards; nor had the voyage to be made in a very tempestuous sea, for the landward side of the reef (which acted as a breakwater) was comparatively calm, if you could only get to it over the intervening line of breakers. "Jump! man, jump!" cried the second mate, suiting the action to the word; and Gerald obeyed him only too precipitately. Mr. Bute had underrated his friend's agility, or, rather, the fancy price which he set upon his own existence, and which quickened his movements to an extraordinary degree. They plumped in together, and neither quite in the centre—the effect of which was to drive the boat, indeed, in the desired direction, but, unfortunately, to turn it bottom upward. The two seamen were canted out, as ninety-nine out of a hundred would have been under the like circumstance; but Gerald, like a bird caught in a sieve-trap, remained within, clinging to the seat with the tenacity of a barnacle or a sea-anemone.

The boat had overset so quickly that the very air had had no time to escape, but was shut up with Gerald between the bottom of the boat and the sea, making a sort of impromptu diving-bell, which would have extorted Herbert Newton's professional admiration. It is impossible, however, that he could have taken one-half the interest in it that Gerald did, notwithstanding his ignorance of science. All that he knew when he came to consciousness after the shock of immersion was that, though half under water, he was still half above it, and that, though in the dark, he was not in the grave—a state of existence of so humble a character that it could hardly be called vegetation, except in that low form affected by the garden rhubarb, which dwells under an inverted pot. Still, he was alive, and envied neither of his late companions. Indeed, without speculating upon what had become of them, he congratulated himself that they had taken their departure, since their room, and especially the air they would have consumed, was much more valuable to him than their company would have been. Half drowned and wholly dazed as he was, bruised and battered, and with the noise, as it seemed, of ten thousand guns in his ears, this miserable wretch began, after a minute or two, as a boxed caterpillar will nibble his green leaf, to feed on hope.

Gerald held on to life as he held on to the boat thwarts, and, indeed, harder. In the latter case he felt his grasp might relax; so, with infinite difficulty, lying at length as he was across the seats, he contrived to tie himself to one of them with his handkerchief. Thus he lay, in total darkness, tossed and drenched by the wild surges, but his thoughts were not inactive. The consolations of religion were, for obvious reasons, denied him; but, on the other hand, he had no apprehensions such as religion excites in some folks. His idea of the future was getting to land. He made no vows of penitence—no promise of candles—six or sixteen to the pound—to his patron saint, should he succeed in doing so. Greed and revenge had dwindled within him in presence of the overmastering sense of the desire for life, but they still abode in his dunghill of a mind, only waiting their opportunity to come into full blossom again. For hours he thus remained, which seemed to him years; then something grated against the boat, and he heard human voices. "Help! help!" he cried. To which some one answered from above and without, "By Heaven, there is a man alive inside!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Three gay little lads on a winter's night
Sat cracking their nuts by the pine-tops' light—
Sat cracking their nuts, and laughing with glee
At the wonderful things they would go and see.
That was forty years ago,
Round the cot and pine-wood fen.
Now a noble city stands
There with many toiling hands,
And the little lads are men.

Said Harry: "I really don't know which is best,
To shoulder my rifle and go to the West,
Or to harpoon the whales in the arctic seas;
But I shall be sure to do one of these."
That was forty years ago—
And the hunter never went.
He's a man of stocks and shares,
Great among the "Bulls" and "Bears,"
And a railroad president.

Little Willy said, slowly: "I hate the noise
And crowd of cities; and I shall go, boys,
To some far Western prairie and pitch my tent,
And live like Robinson Crusoe, content."
That was forty years ago.
Willy is a Merchant bold;
Willy's name's in every land;
Every market feels his hand,
And his word is good as gold.

Now Jack had been reading a wonderful tale,
And he said: "I shall go, if my plans do not fail,
To be Captain Al' Baba, and find me a cave,
With forty good robbers, all clever and brave."
That was forty years ago.
Jack's a Judge of sternest sort;
No one stands like him for Law;
Thieves and gamblers stand in awe
Of his unrelenting Court.

Mary A. Barr.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

Miss Verona Allison sat by the open window in her own little snuggery, her eyes bent upon the letter she held in her hand. From the expression on her remarkably expressive face—an expression that curled the short upper lip of a large but well-formed mouth, and caused a naturally turned-up nose to turn up still more—one watching her might have been led to think that the contents of the letter awakened no pleasurable feelings—a thought that would have been confirmed when on reading the last line our scornful young woman threw herself back in her much-beribboned willow rocker, and exclaimed: "Simplicity, indeed! The man's an idiot."

"What man?" asked Miss Phebe, coming quietly into the room.

"Your friend's son, Mother Phebe, Mr. Peter Gandy. Why, his very name makes you think at once of a goose—I mean a male goose."

"My dear," said Miss Phebe, mildly, as she seated herself in another highly decorated chair, and folded her hands in her lap—a sign that she was ready for a long and confidential chat—"I see no reason why you should call the young man an idiot. Idiots, to give Webster's mildest definition of them, are 'unlearned, ignorant, or foolish persons.' Peter Gandy is none of these. Neither does he, in my opinion, at all resemble a male goose. I met him at his father's house last winter, just after his return from Europe, where he had been for three years, most of the time in London; and speaking of male geese reminds me that he brought with him the loveliest poodle that I ever beheld—worth a fortune, my dear. But that is not what I started out to say. Let me see—where was I? Oh yes. He had just returned from England, and I found him good-looking (in a poetical way), well educated, and, as you must have discovered from the letter I gave you to read—never dreaming it would lead to idiots and ganders—intensely devoted to 'Beauty unadorned,' which, as you know, the poet Thomson says 'is adorned the most.' His mother was my most intimate friend at school. Our braids—'pigtails' rude boys called them—were always tied with the same colored ribbon, and our sun-bonnets trimmed with the same colored silk. People laugh at school friendships, my dear, but they often outlast those— But that's neither here nor there. Where was I? Oh yes. We were inseparable friends, and we promised each other faithfully—having read a great many romances where such promises had produced the happiest results—that if we married (and we both certainly expected to do so), and one had a son and the other a daughter, we would endeavor to bring about a marriage between them when they had attained a suitable age. She married, soon after she graduated, a man considerably older than herself, with the decidedly unpoetical name of Peter—a name he insisted upon transmitting to his only son, though I hear, my dear, that among his dearest friends young Peter is known as Aurelius; but he (the elder Peter) was wealthy, and Matilda was fond of— But no matter about that. Where— Oh yes, I remember: she married. A son was the result. I did not marry, and consequently have no results. But I found you, my dear—"

"A motherless child, forsaken by an unloving father," interrupted Verona; and springing from her chair, she flung both arms around Miss Phebe, and kissed each of her plump rosy cheeks.

"And no real daughter, I am sure," the elderly lady went on, when Verona had again seated herself by the window, "could have brought me more happiness and comfort. And now, my dear, if you will only make up your mind to receive this young gentleman in a nice and friendly manner, perhaps you may find him a very agreeable person, and he may find in you the realization of his dreams. And if you *should* fall in love with each other—"

"But, oh, Mother Phebe," interrupted Verona again, "in spite of all you say, I can't help thinking he must be such a—such a—idiot! Just listen." And she proceeded to read from the letter, in a drawling, affected manner: "'I, like my glorious teacher Oscar Wilde, love Nature, and in loving Nature, love Beauty—Beauty unadorned, Beauty pure and simple. I would have the maiden of my choice owe naught to Art. If she wear flowers, let them be the blossoms of the fields and meadows rather than the costliest of artificial blooms; and if some slight blemish mar her loveliness, let her not seek to conceal it by rouge, or powder, or any other lie, but by the sunshine of her smiles so dazzle the beholder that he will see it not. As for her dress, better in my eyes is the plainest of home-made gowns than the richest robes of silk and satin disfigured by all the paraphernalia of the mantua-maker. Ah, could I but find such a maiden!' Now, Mother Phebe, the idea of his writing such stuff—for it is stuff—to you! But of course he thought I would see it, and being a truly rural young woman, would be much impressed thereby."

"My dear, you are severe—" began Miss Phebe.

"There, I knew it. You've caught the infection—speaking poetically."

"I didn't mean to, I assure you, my dear, though in my youth I wrote and published a number of verses that were— But no matter. You will behave nicely to Peter? Promise me you will, Verona."

"I will do more. I'll try to be all he would have 'the maiden of his choice.' And if he don't like me, you'll be content?"

"I'll be content." And Miss Phebe rose to go, as somebody near by whistled loud and clear. "What's that?"

"The first bar of 'Charlie is my darling,'" replied the girl, mischievously; and she proceeded to whistle the second herself, in a bird-like manner, as she leaned out of the window. A slender, lithe young fellow stood in the garden below. On catching sight of her face, he nimbly climbed the old pear-tree that stood directly in the garden path, and reaching the bough that brought him opposite the snuggery, he seated himself thereon with an absence of formality refreshing to behold.

"Moonlight row to-night, Verona," he said. "I just stopped to tell you, though I'm in an awful hurry—going down to the dépôt to meet the governor. Hello, Miss Phebe."

"Arthur, are you *never* going to leave off your monkey tricks?" asked Miss Phebe, with as much sternness as she was capable of, which wasn't much.

"Never," answered the caller, with great coolness, as he slid down the tree again.

"Oh dear! what would young Gandy think of him?" almost groaned Miss Phebe. "And, Verona dear, please don't whistle any more."

"Not whistle, you darling! how can I help it? I whistled when I was a baby girl, and I never knew you disliked it before."

"Well, I don't know as I do dislike it myself. In fact, I'm afraid I rather like it. But don't whistle before Peter, that's all. And, Verona, couldn't you—you seem to have some influence over him—induce Arthur Willis to behave with a little more dignity? A young man of two-and-twenty climbing trees like a squirrel or a monkey is really too absurd."

"Mother Phebe, have you known Arthur from before he was born—*his* mother was an old school-mate of yours too, remember—until the present time not to know that he can't be anything but himself? And *I* shouldn't want him to. For my part, I think he's too awfully cunning for anything."

"Too awfully cunning!" repeated Miss Phebe.

"Well, perhaps he is. He's a good young man anyhow, and very kind to his parents—though I do object somewhat to his calling his father 'governor.'"

"His father don't," laughed Verona. "But by-the-bye, darling, when do you expect this id— I mean this good-looking, well-educated, simplicity-loving gentleman?"

"On the very next train. He will dine with us, and I have told Betsey to serve dinner earlier than usual. So you had better begin dressing at once." And Miss Phebe left the room, and Verona *did* "begin dressing at once." Oh, what a sparkle came into her lovely black eyes, what a saucy tilt the turned-up nose took on, and what bright smiles chased each other over the full red lips! And no wonder, for never made maiden, dressing to meet a would-be lover, so elfish a toilet before. First she dipped a hair-brush into a basin of water, and vigorously brushed the fluffy curls that lay upon her forehead (which, unshaded by them, seemed a trifle too high), and the waves that rippled over her head, until there was no hint of curl or wave left. Then she undid the coils and puffs of her luxuriant hair, made to look more luxuriant by being arranged in these same coils and puffs, and gathering it all together into one hard knot, she fastened it with one hair-pin high on her head. An accident a year or two before had cost her one of her pretty white teeth—a front one, most unfortunately; but, thanks to the dentist's skill, no one had ever even suspected that the one which replaced it bore no relation to its neighbors. This tooth she removed, and her mouth lost its symmetry, and her smile its charm. Then she donned a muslin gown of Miss Phebe's, some twenty years old, and conspicuous by reason of the green leaves and blue flag-lilies of enormous size that were profusely scattered over it, which, Miss Phebe being rather short and quite stout, and she rather tall and quite slender, effectually concealed her shapely form, and left unconcealed her feet in stout low shoes two sizes too large for them. About her neck, which was long and slender and graceful in the soft ruches and laces she always wore, she pinned a flat linen collar, and just behind her left ear, so that it drooped over against her cheek, making her brunette complexion look positively sallow, she pinned a spray of the brightest blue larkspur.

And thus she presented herself before the much astonished Miss Phebe and Mr. Peter Gandy. If the latter were also much astonished, as beyond doubt he was, having heard a glowing account of her adopted daughter from his hostess, he never betrayed it farther than by a slight opening of his dreamy, half-shut eyes. He was a willowy youth, with fair, willowy hair falling nearly to his shoulders, a forehead low but not broad, and a chin decidedly the reverse of his friend's and teacher's. And he wore a dark purple velvet coat, and a white lace and lavender silk scarf, and there floated about him the delicate perfume of the violet. He rose when Verona entered the room, and greeted her with a languid bow, which she returned with an awkward courtesy, while Miss Phebe's face became a marvellous study, from the wonderful commingling of expressions there, as she led the way to the dining-room.

"You—ah—you like country life?" said Peter—I should say Aurelius—when they were seated at the table.

"Oh yes," replied Verona, with infantile fervency. "I dote on cows."

"Cows? Oh! ah! yes. They—they—"

"Don't bite you, and they give milk and cream and butter," explained Verona.

Peter—that is, Aurelius—almost smiled. "And do you dote on horses too?" he asked, patronizingly.

"Yes; but sometimes they kick. I'm afraid of them when they kick. But I—oh, how I"—clasping her hands—"love chickens!"

"Chickens!" repeated Aurelius, in a dazed way.

"Yes; they lay omelets and custards and eggs," said Verona, nodding her head with the air of one who imparts useful information. And there the conversation ended.

Mr. Peter Aurelius Gandy left for home on an early train. "Your adopted daughter is simplicity itself," he remarked to Miss Phebe, while bidding her good-by, "but I fear we are not affinities."

"Oh, Verona, how could you—how could you be so—" began Miss Phebe, as soon as he was gone; but an uncontrollable fit of laughter prevented her finishing the question. And before the laugh was done, away danced Verona to the snuggery to do her hair in the usual style, replacing the larkspur with an orange and maroon nasturtium flower, put back the tooth, and exchange the loose green and blue figured gown for a natty gray flannel boating suit with dark red trimmings.

And at the rowing party—she and he had a little boat to themselves, and somehow or other it was always very much behind the others—she told Arthur all about it.

"Oh, dear me, how funny it was!" said she. "But it served him exactly right, for I happen to know that he thought Mother Phebe had a fortune with which to endow me, whereas she has only enough to keep herself comfortable, dear old darling. And in consideration of that fortune I have no doubt that had he seen me at my best, he might have condescended to have been pleased with me. But he was wholly unprepared for the vision of rustic loveliness that burst upon him. Oh, Arthur, you can't imagine what a fright I was!"

"I can't imagine you 'a fright' under any circumstances," said Arthur, thinking how beautiful she looked framed in the moonlight.

"Oh, but I was!" holding up her hand, which she had been splashing in the water, and looking reflectively at the sparkling drops that fell from it. "I wouldn't have *you* see me that way for anything."

"You wouldn't?" capturing the hand so suddenly that the boat nearly upset. "Why? Can it be? Dare I hope that you—that you—"

"Of course I do, and always have, and always shall, whether you propose or not."

"My angel!" exclaimed Arthur.

"You ought to have seen me at dinner-time," said Verona.

"'Twould have made no difference to me," declared the lover. "And oh, my darling, I should have asked you to share my life six months ago, only I thought, as the other fellow did, that you were an heiress, and I have nothing but the hope of succeeding to the governor's business, which isn't a very money-making one."

"Well, do you propose now? No time, no place, could be more appropriate: the moon looking down from starry skies, the water all silvered by her light, a faint fragrance of water-lilies preparing to 'put off sleep' in the cool air, and somebody or several somebodies in the other boats whistling 'Charlie is my darling' as a signal that we'd better hurry up."

"Verona, will you be my wife?"

"Arthur, with the greatest pleasure. And dear Mother Phebe's school-girl dream will come true after all. She only exchanges the son of one old friend for the son of another."

Margaret Eytinge.

THE VETO.

ARTHUR (*a connoisseur*). "It would be unreasonable to destroy it, and would reflect upon the honor of the country."

THE "JEANNETTE" SEARCH.

THE hardships attending the search through the Siberian wilds for the missing men of the *Jeannette* are forcibly depicted in the illustrations on the opposite page. These illustrations are from the pencil of an artist who accompanies the search expedition, and the following extracts from his letters will enable our readers to follow him in imagination across the dreary wastes of snow:

"From Orenburg to the fortress of Petropaulovsk there is no government post for travellers. The horses are kept by the so-called 'voluntary' post. The price here is therefore much higher than in Siberia, the horses costing each four copecks per verst, whereas in Siberia the price varies from a copeck and a half to three copecks per horse. Nor are the stations kept by private enterprise so clean or so large as those on the government post-road. In my sketch of the interior of one of these post stations are two travellers drinking tea. To the left hand is the Russian stove, brick-built, and whitened with chalk. An open door to the next room shows a woman standing by the cradle with a baby; the cradle is fixed to the ceiling. The walls are covered with pictures of the imperial family and others.

"As we travel day and night, the only sleep we can get is while driving on. But on tolerably smooth roads one soon gets accustomed to this. We put a few pillows on the seat, lie down stretched out at full length, well muffled up in furs, and so make ourselves as comfortable as possible. A few days after our departure from Orenburg we reached the Ural Mountains. The snow had meanwhile become so deep from the recent snow-storms that we travelled with five or sometimes with six horses. In the Urals we were soon to experience the further effects of those snow-drifts (Russian, 'buran') which we had already seen in Orenburg and along the railway line from Samara to Orenburg.

"One night I was awakened by the howling storm, and, looking out, noticed that we did not move from the spot. The drivers, called 'yemtschiks' in Russian, were beating and swearing at the horses; but it was of no use. The horses were standing in snow up to their bodies, perfectly exhausted. After a few more desperate efforts to move on, they lay down in the snow, as if to say they had done their utmost, and would die before they would do any more. The yemtschiks seemed to think the horses were right in this opinion. They came up to the sledge, and told us that we could get no further; the snow was too deep. We were in a kind of valley, surrounded by high mountains. To the right and to the left were snow-hills, which rose higher every moment. The wind was blowing with tremendous power, whirling the powdery snow high up in the air, making it almost impossible to keep our eyes open. The temperature was about twenty degrees of cold (RÉAUMUR). So, what was to be done? Seeing that the horses were not able to pull, hardly even to stand upright, we told the yemtschiks to put them out of harness, and take them to the next station, from which they were to bring ten fresh horses. They did accordingly; after some minutes we saw them disappear with the horses in the dense mist. When we heard the last tinkling of their bells, it may be imagined how lonely we felt. We were left to ourselves there amongst the mountains, with no other company than that of the roaring wind, and the wolves howling at a distance. But the wolves soon came nearer; so near that we saw them on the next snow-hill, about fifty yards off. We got out our weapons and had a few shots at the wolves, but, it seemed, without killing any one. Yet they were frightened by the shots, and disappeared, and did not come near us any more. During five hours we waited there; the sledge became more and more buried in snow, and we had got inside it to keep ourselves warm. At last the bells were heard a second time, and then came the men with fresh horses, and wooden shovels to dig out the sledge, if necessary, or to clear the road of snow. It appeared that our yemtschiks had lost the right road, and had consequently got into such deep snow that it was impossible to force a way through it. But all this while only about twenty yards to the right of us was the high-road, which we found after an hour and a half shovelling away the snow. The new horses did their work splendidly, such work as only a Siberian horse can stand; and after a few hours more we sat comfortably at the station, with a glass of *tchai* before us.

"Alongside the post-road, in the steppe through which we travel, live many of the Kirghis. We had often seen them on the road, driving cattle to the next village, and had long wished to visit them in their winter dwellings. At the station Karakulskaja, twenty miles from Troitsk, we met a fine old Cossack named PONOMAREFF, who kept the post station. He was, as we afterward learned, a rich man, who owned a hundred horses, and the house where the station was established was his property. He gave us a very nice dinner, with a clean cloth, and even napkins—a great rarity among the Siberian peasants. In short, he tried, as well as his two sons—tall, fine-looking fellows—to make us as comfortable as they could.

"When we expressed a wish to visit the Kirghis, one of the young men offered to accompany us. Of course we accepted his offer with thanks, and presently started together. After an hour's drive we reached the Kirghis winter-quarters, where the young PONOMAREFF explained, as the Kirghis did not speak Russian, that foreigners had come to see them. They were evidently much flattered, and invited us into their best hut. They ordered mutton to be prepared, with tea and other things, all which we, however, having little time, were obliged to refuse, not a little to the disappointment of our hosts. According to custom, we sat down on the divan; and while I was taking a sketch of the room, the Kirghis who took us round stood beside me, and watched the pencil. When the sketch was finished, he roared with delight, and asked if I would not be kind enough to sketch the children in the school. Of course I wished no better, and we went there.

"We found it to be a little room four feet below the ground. On the floor sat five children, from four to six years of age, with huge Kirghis books on their knees, reading half aloud. The reading was, to our ears, something like the humming of bees, but was accompanied by the bleating of some young kids kept in the same room behind a straw lattice. This did not prevent the animals from coming out now and then, shoving their heads between the children's, and looking on at the school. We were rather surprised at seeing such young children able to read, considering the fact that a great part of the Russian people in Europe learn neither to read nor write. We asked the school-master, who sat by with his indispensable stick, to bid one of them read alone. Silence was then established, except the noise of the kids bleating, and every one of the pupils read a chapter of their prayer-book, having previously found the portion he knew best. After having distributed about five pounds of honey-cakes among the children, and having given a trifling money present to the older ones, which they would hardly accept, we thanked our hosts and young PONOMAREFF, and continued on our journey, much satisfied with this visit to the nomad Kirghis."

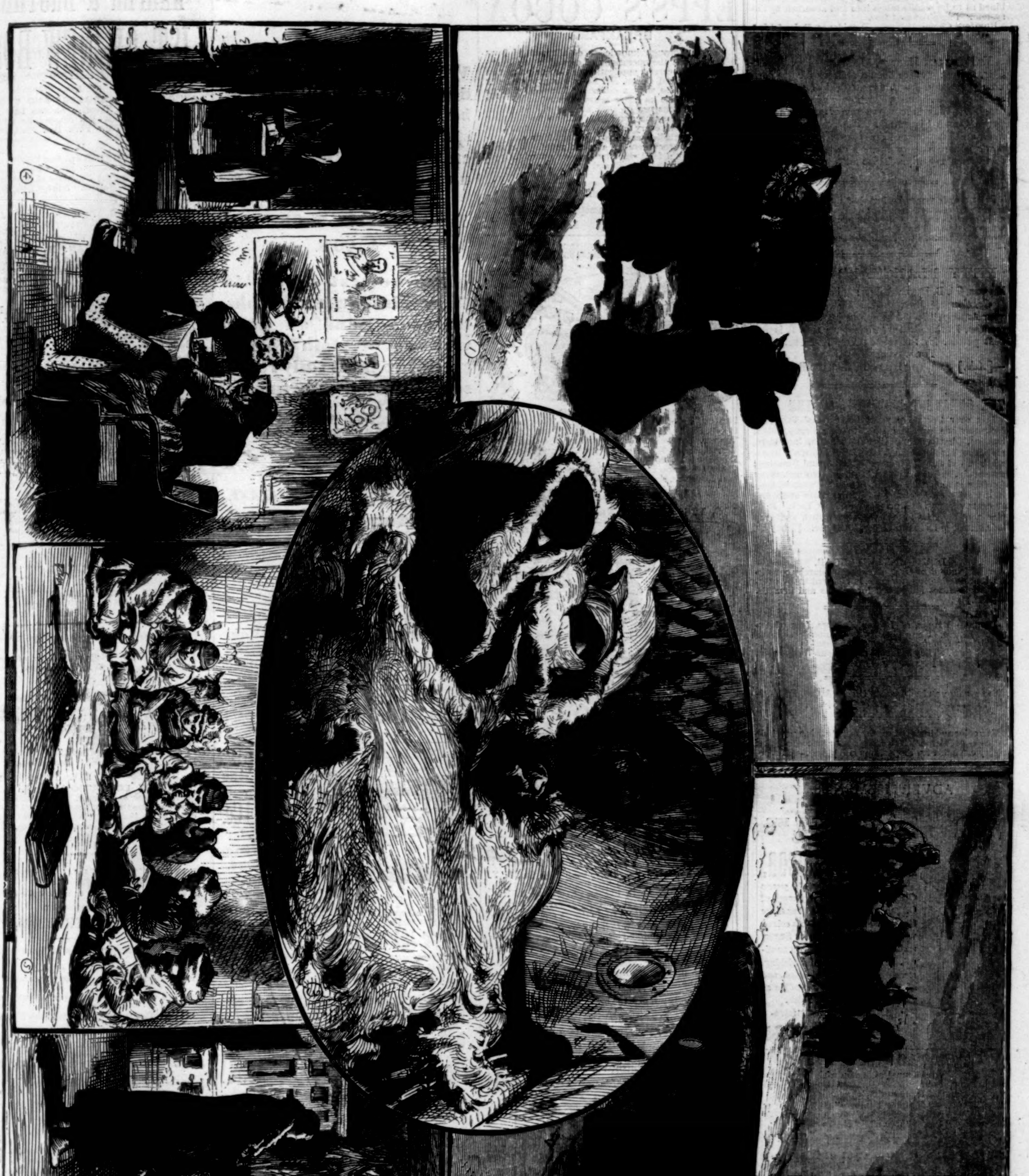
THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

THE illustrations on our opening pages, from sketches by our special artists who are making a tour of the inundated districts of the Mississippi, show the terrible straits to which the inhabitants of those regions are reduced. The scene at HARBERT'S plantation, a few miles above Helena, is not an exceptional case. Here our artist saw from the steamer a deserted house nearly submerged, and on a little piece of the levee which rose above the flood a group of cattle huddled together dying of starvation. The open space between the cattle and the distant trees was a little while ago a flourishing plantation. It is now completely flooded. The main channel is this side of the buildings.

A plantation at Silver Lake is from two to twelve feet under water. The square space shown in the sketch comprises more than twelve hundred acres. The village near Grayville has been entirely deserted by its inhabitants. The parties shown in the small boat are in search of high lands where they may build a temporary shelter for their families.

At Alsatia, Louisiana, refugees from neighboring plantations have built shanties on the only part of the levee which remains between Edgewood and Bailey landings, where one of the largest breaks on the river has occurred. The poor people are hungry for news from the regions from which they are completely shut off, and "A-n-y p-a-p-e-r-s?" is a cry frequently heard from boats by passengers on passing steamboats.

The suffering of the people is greatly increased by their apprehension of what is to come when the waters subside. It is feared that pneumonia and similar diseases will make great havoc among them, as multitudes are exposed without shelter to the rain and the chills of night. The question of food is also very serious. The poor of those regions always live from hand to mouth. They chop a little wood; they do jobs of work on the large places; they hunt and fish; they occasionally kill a "critter"; and in these ways they ordinarily get along until their little cotton crops come round. The flood has removed every one of these sources of supplies, therefore they are destitute, and must remain so until the fall of the water restores the usual methods of the country.



1. The Travellers, while watching the Sledge, which has broken down, have to keep off the Wolves. 2. Arrival of fresh Horses, and clearing the Sledge of Snow. 3. Sleeping inside the Sledge on the Road by Night. 4. Resting in a Russian Post Station. 5. Kirghis Children at School. 6. Visiting a Kirghis Gentleman in his Winter House.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING MEN OF THE "JEANNETTE"—THROUGH THE WILDS OF SIBERIA.—[See Page 236.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

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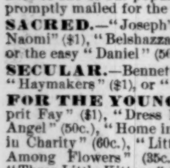

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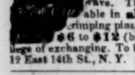

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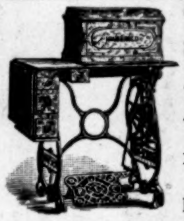

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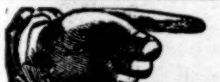

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